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"ARCTURUS", WHITHER AWAY?

Mr. Beebe Reports His Latest Adventure in Science

***THE ARCTURUS ADVENTURE.** By William Beebe. With 71 illustrations from colored plates, photographs and maps. 439 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

By R. L. DUFFUS

LIKE the legendary comedian who succeeded in being funny without being vulgar, William Beebe is popular without being unscientific. This stamp was upon "Jungle Days," which earned him his first wide reputation, it was upon "Galapagos," and it is upon this latest volume, which, if you take the trouble to read the subtitle, is really "An Account of the New York Zoological Society's First Oceanographic Expedition." There are others besides Mr. Beebe who have made science palatable—Mr. Slosson, for example, and Vernon Kellogg. But Mr. Beebe has done a little more than that—or a little less, as the harder boiled among the scientists might say. He has made science poetic and glamourous. He has made it an adventure. And he has thoughtfully omitted the higher mathematics, the smells of laboratories, the mountains of dry detail—or should one say, in this case, of wet detail?

To what extent the voyage of the Arcturus, as set forth in these pages, is typical of modern scientific research the layman can but guess. There is a kind of research which consists in breeding countless generations of fruit flies, or of inoculating hundreds of guinea pigs, or of squinting through a microscope until one staggers out half-blind into the sunlight, or of spending months in dizzy astronomical calculations. This sort of science is about as comprehensible to the man in the street as is the philosophy of a flagellant monk. But the man in the street can understand William Beebe, because Mr. Beebe is a wanderer and an adventurer, and we are all homesick for wanderings and adventures.

This should not be taken to mean that Mr. Beebe's narrative is all pie and no crust. His success, as well as his soundness, is due to an artful mingling of various elements. He writes with the skill of an after-dinner speaker—which, by the way, he is. He gives his audience as much science as it will take without wriggling; but when it begins to fumble with its knives and forks he brings it up standing with high—or, as in his utterly fascinating account of his experiences with the diving helmet—low adventure. Few of us have the slightest interest in the proceedings of the Xesurus laticlavius; and if any one but Mr. Beebe tried to tell us about this fish, it would go hard with him. In Mr. Beebe, however, we are willing to endure some discussion of basal and caudal plates and anterior hooks, because we know that he will not inflict unnecessary suffering.

He cannot be dull, even when he tries. He is too human and sees too much humanness in nature. The attempts of an albatross to get about on land remind him of "the peripatetic progress of Charlie Chaplin." The movements and facial aspects of groupers and wrasse, thirty feet below the surface of Chatham Bay, "brought often to mind a gait, a glance or a trick of the hand" of some friend of the human species. His mind is always jumping out of its strictly scientific groove, as in this description of under-water life:

> The great backbone of the population, the host of "common peepul," was what I called Percolators—although some of them were aristocrats and many did not percolate. As a whole, however, they lived their lives in and out of the coral and rocks, never becoming surface-lovers, nor settling down in any special crevice. * * * Like New Yorkers at lunch hour, they were victims of idle curiosity, and I shall never see a throng watching with breathless interest the working excavators or the rhythmical riveters on some new building without remembering the crowd of small Percolators who always rushed toward me when I first submerged, swimming rapidly with a my word! see-what's-here expression.

Perhaps the most romantic aspect of the voyage of the Arcturus, as it was planned, was the search for the Sargasso Sea. Since Columbus's time the existence of this great mass of floating seaweed has been a legend among mariners. One might not look in vain there, if story tellers were to be believed, for Spanish galleons, with skeleton crews, rotting timbers and holds full of pieces-of-eight. Mr. Beebe does not seem to have shared this interesting illusion. His hopes were modest. All that he asked was an acre or two of matted weed such as he had often seen from steamers while on his way to and from British Guiana. Underneath such patches of weed were sure to be found rich and novel forms of sea life. But the expedition not only did not find any galleons but did not come on any patches of weeds much larger than a man's head. This was the Autumn of the Sargasso and its life was at a low ebb. But, as Mr. Beebe observes, a failure in science is almost as good as a success:

> We had set out to find vast fields of weed teeming with living creatures, and we found only small mats and plaques almost destitute of life. A negative result such as this would be accounted a failure in business or hopeless in religion. To science it was of concrete value, and added a wholly new interest to the entire problem.

Yet some of the specimens brought up had stories to tell which were more wonderful than any legend of the Spanish Main. At "30 North and 60 West" the nets yielded hundreds of Leptocephali. The life history of this creature has been worked out, though not by a member of the Arcturus expedition. In infancy it lives in the Sargasso as a transparent larva with "mother-of-pearl eyes." Its parents are eels—European in some instances, American in others. As it approaches maturity it swims slowly toward the parental coasts and rivers, of which it can have but an ancestral memory—the European eels toward Europe, the American eels toward America. Perhaps a dozen years later the female returns to the Sargasso to lay her eggs. Mysteries like this pop up at every turn. Almost any haul at the nets might bring up new ones or contribute something toward solving old ones.

From the Sargasso—or rather from the spot where the Sargasso ought to have been—the Arcturus steamed to Panama and passed into the Pacific. Here were adventures enough to suit the most exacting. The first was a great tide rip, caused by the meeting of two currents and swarming with sea life. Later the expedition was present at "the birth of a volcano" on Albemarle Island in the Galapagos. Mr. Beebe and John Tee-Van landed during the first spasms of this eruption and came near being suffocated by the outpouring gases. Nine weeks later, on their return from a trip to Panama for water, they witnessed the majestic spectacle of a great stream of lava pouring into the sea.

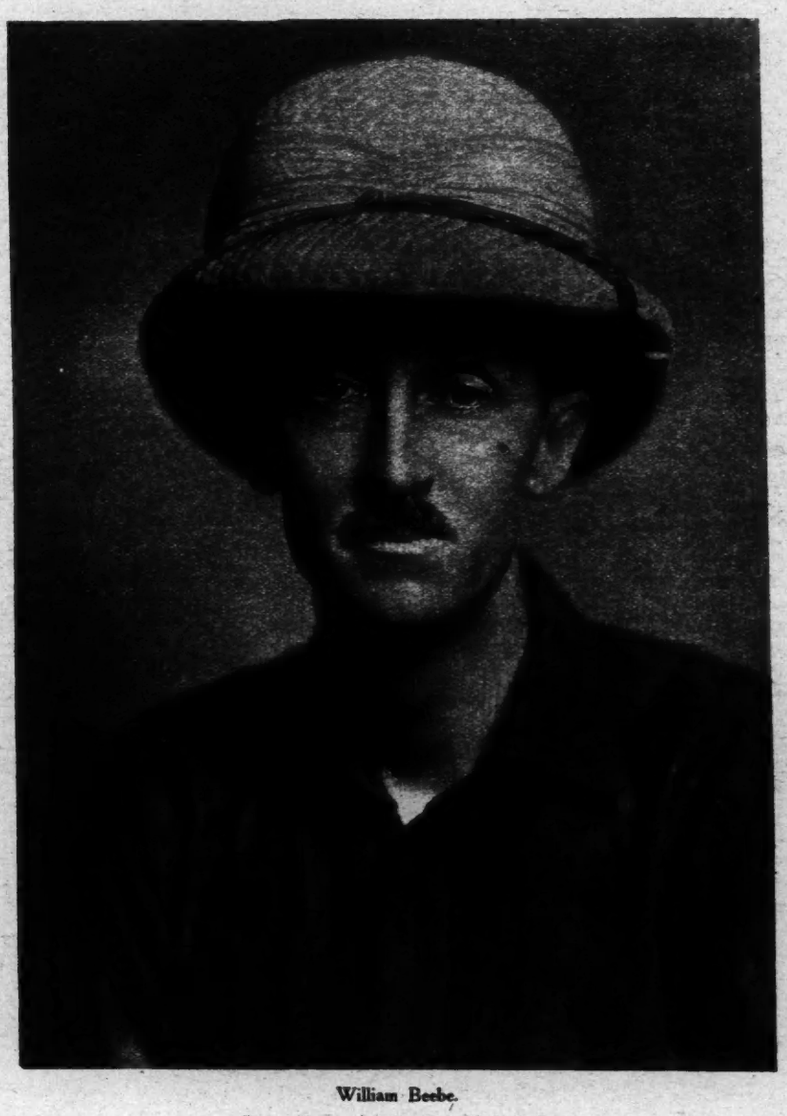
"It was," says Mr. Beebe, "a battle, a cosmic conflict among fire, water, earth and air, such as only astronomers might dream of or a maker of worlds achieve."

But the most thrilling part of the narrative has to do with the author's experiences under water. The apparatus consisted of a copper helmet with weights and attachments. Putting on a bathing suit and adjusting this over his head, the diver sank to the bottom in twenty or thirty feet of water and inspected the underwater life at leisure. This underwater life included sharks, which Mr. Beebe, with a courage no battlefield could surpass, trusted would not attack him. As it turned out, they did not—not even the "tiger sharks." Had this detail of natural history been of a different nature there would presumably have been no "Arcturus Adventure"—at least from the pen of Mr. Beebe. Sharks are really "indolent, awkward, chinless cowards," but some one had to offer himself as a possible tidbit before this could be stated with certainty.

One day Mr. Beebe was about to enter an underwater grotto when part of the grotto began to move, and resolved itself into an octopus. The next moment a nine-foot shark drifted around the corner. And then even Mr. Beebe was moved to go away. He returned, however, many times, seeing the submerged world with an artist's eyes as well as a scientist's:

> In the middle distance I saw the palace of the Dalai Lama at Lhasa, with its majestic, down-dropping lines; beyond it the corals had wrought a fairy replica of the temple of the Tirthankers at Benares. Then a cloud of pagodas filled the end of the sandy vista, silhouetted against the blue at which I can never cease marveling whenever I think of this water world—a pale cerulean, oxidized now and then with the glimmering through of some still more distant monument. Invariably the architecture of the East was brought to mind, not the semi-plagiarized structures of most of our Western efforts, but light, uplifted pagoda roofs, curving domes and stalagmite minarets, together with scroll work which is lacelike but never gingerbready.

For adventure of the more conventional sort—though exciting enough for all that—the reader may turn to the chapters on Cocos Island, where pirates as well as more honest mariners (*Continued on Page 19*)



William Beebe.

From a Photograph by the Wide World Studio.

Marcel Proust's Cerebral Prose

In His Work, the Inductive Novel Reached Perfection

By COURTNEY BRUERTON.

"L'Abside de Notre Dame de Paris."

From an Etching by Charles Meryon. From "Famous Etchings," (Minton, Balch & Co.)

IN Rousseau we find a type of memory met more often in women than in men: he remembers events not so much because of their intrinsic importance in his life as because of the emotions they gave him when they occurred. Marcel Proust, cerebral rather than emotional, remembers events because of the mental reactions those events brought about either in him or in the other personages he studies in his novel. (One thing must be kept in mind in any discussion of Proust. The novel is not autobiographical. It is, like any other piece of fiction, made up of imagination, memory and observation. No one of the characters, with the doubtful exception of Charlus, is a portrait of any person whom he knew; but all, without exception, are composites, built up from separate traits and characteristics of friends and acquaintances.) Proust has emotions, as have his characters, but he is fundamentally a man of ideas, and he describes his characters more through the ideas that they express than through the emotions that they show. It is as if his world were one great salon, in which the various guests are on display, but in which all events take place outside, and only the reactions of the personages to them appear in the foreground and are of interest.

Proust may be said to have perfected the inductive novel. Like the great realists, he reports events and conversations from the point of view of the observer; but his method of procedure is quite different. Just as in life our knowledge of people increases with our acquaintance, and our first impressions become modified by seeing the same people in different moods and under different circumstances, so the reader finds himself in this novel gradually becoming acquainted with the characters, gradually, as in life, coming to understand their true nature. Proust does not present a character fully formed and completely described and invite us to watch him in various situations. He shows us a man or woman as vaguely personal as any chance acquaintance newly introduced, and then, as the character keeps appearing in the story, fills in the person, as it were, letting, rather than making, the real traits and personality appear.

People interest him, people in their special relations, especially people in their weaknesses, their foibles, and their secret vices. Not for nothing is this man of the world the son of a distinguished physician. He not only sees the weak points in people clearly, surely, relentlessly, but he is obsessed by them; he watches for them, ferrets out those he knows exist but which, for the moment, escape him. He is satisfied only when he has not only found them but also their why and wherefore.

The process, with Proust, is singularly detached; his emotions enter but little. He watches and dissects and examines his little world of human beings with the impartiality, the lack of prejudice, the absence of emotion, of the true scientist; and it is this impartiality and lack of prejudice in the section of the novel entitled "Sodome et Gomorrhe" which so scandalised the same Englishmen who had enthusiastically acclaimed "Du Côté de chez Swann" in 1922. Furthermore, and this will shock many more when its full significance is noted, his religion, if he had one, is a thing apart from his study; it lays no inhibitions upon him, sets no limits beyond which he may not go.

This absence of religious feeling in Proust is most interesting. Given the peculiar temperament of the man, his quality of mind, one would expect to find his opinions, either for or against, cropping out throughout the novel; but he practically ignores religion. Only in passing does it occur to him, and then in juxtapositions scarcely complimentary:

> Because I did not want her to be dead, I believed she was not; I began to read books on table tipping, I began to believe possible the immortality of the soul. But that was not sufficient. What I wanted, what I needed, was to be able to meet her again after my death, physically the same, just as if eternity resembled life. . . . Then again, in life, Albertine, even physically, would have changed little by little, and day by day I should have become accustomed to this change. But my memory, evoking only separate moments of her, wanted to see her again as she would have already ceased to be if she had lived; what it wanted was a miracle which would satisfy the natural and arbitrary limits of Memory, which exists only in the past.

From first to last, religion holds no interest for him, affects him not at all, gives him no comfort in periods of mental crisis. In his materialistic, scientific attitude, he finds no facts leading him to think on spiritual things. In this inductive novel he finds no need of making the great deduction.

Proust seems in no way eclectic; and, at first thought, if the criterion of art were to be selection rather than expression, his mammoth novel would not be called artistic. Its multiplicity of minute details, its insistence upon apparently unimportant mental reactions in all their subtlety and complexity, give at first the impression that, not understanding or not caring for artistic selection, he has put down everything occurring to him that has any connection at all with the subject in hand. That this is not really true is proved by more careful reading, by attempts to find real digressions. In the English Victorian novelists, the digression stands out where all may see; the author injects himself at every turn into his objective narrative. In Proust, however, the author is the narrative. When the complete novel is at length published, and when the natural curiosity to know the ending is satisfied, Proust will interest critics and connoisseurs not so much because of his ability to tell a story in a distinctive way as because of his panorama of a restricted section of society and his criticism of life. When the events in the novel have become an old and familiar story, his philosophy, his epigrams and his aphorisms will hold their charm and their acuteness:

> Little by little, case by case, life permits us to notice that what is of most importance to our heart is not taught us by our reason but by quite different powers.
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> ***
>
> It is really rare that one parts good friends, for, if one were good friends, one would not part.
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> ***
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> I had, as a matter of fact, told myself so, but I was now realizing that not for one moment had I believed it.
>
> ***
>
> It seemed to me, in the hours when I suffered least, that her death was, in a way, a benefit to me, for a woman is of greater value to our life if she is, instead of an element of happiness, an instrument of pain, and there is not a woman whose possession is as precious as that of the truths she unfolds to us by causing us to suffer.

That is why the paragraphs—this often means pages—that seem digressions to one who is reading the novel for the story have a very real and definite place for one who is reading it as an account of a man's mental life. Proust goes very often into minute detail, but it is chiefly in dealing with mental states that have their place in the story as a whole. He is no Dreiser, and a complete reading of the thirteen volumes thus far published will give one the impression, not of unity, it is true, but of life itself, with all its complexity, with all its inextricable confusion of the mental and physical desires and expressions of man. All the minute details have bearing, not only upon the characters under consideration, but upon other characters in analogous situations; they are not digressions. The novel moves slowly, ponderously, sporadically, like life itself.

It is an intensely subjective work, nevertheless. "Du Côté de chez Swann" even, occupied as it is with the story of Swann and Odette de Crécy, seems less an objective treatment of that theme than a relation of the effect their lives had upon the youthful Marcel. As he recalls, in all the piteous details, Swann's mad passion, we are conscious throughout that we are seeing events develop plainly, simply, but that we are also seeing them analyzed and interpreted through the eyes of Proust.

Beginning with "l'Ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs," the author takes the centre of the stage, and the novel becomes, not only the history of his life as a young man, but an account of his mental life, his thoughts, his ideas, and reactions to the life about him; but we must keep in mind that Proust's purpose is quite different from that of the average novelist. He does not seek so much to relive his past experiences, and present them vividly, objectively, before the reader, as to offer these experiences as they appear to him tempered by the years that have past, seen, as it were, through the glasses of experience. It is not only a novel, it is a criticism.

This is not to mean that he cannot do objective writing, nor that the events he describes do not hold the interest. If we had not "Du Côté de chez Swann" to show it, the chapter describing the death of his grandmother in "Le Côté de Guermantes"—comparable in its cumulative power of realistic details to the death of Emma in "Mme. Bovary"—and his pages on Venice in "Albertine disparue" would be quite sufficient to prove his ability to write objectively with great art once he felt the need and the desire.

The two volumes recently published under the title of "Albertine disparue" are different in one respect from the parts that have gone before: they have not benefited from the laborious revision that Proust was able to give the others before his death. They appear as he wrote them, in the first draft, without corrections. As such, they lack the finish of the earlier parts; the rhythm that we have become accustomed to seek reappears only occasionally. The shading, the polish, the correction of the proportion of the episodes in their relation to one another that painstaking and repeated revision had brought about in the earlier parts, are absent here; but, if the style is in many respects lacking, the author's other qualities appear only the more strongly.

The plot is as slight as we have come to expect from Proust: Albertine, after leaving him, goes to her aunt's, in Touraine, where, soon after, just as an interchange of letters makes a reconciliation probable, she is killed by a fall from a horse. In his grief his old obsession returns to torment him, and he sends a servant first to Balbec and then to Touraine to get proofs of her Lesbianism. The servant is conscientious and the proofs that he brings back are crushing in their completeness. Andrée, Albertine's friend, adds her testimony, and the whole past of his mistress is thus laid bare before his curiosity. He meets Gilberte again at the house of Mme. de Guermantes, a changed Gilberte, a Gilberte snob, and, while at Venice with his mother, receives the announcement of her marriage to Saint-Loup. The latter turns out in the last chapter to have the same tendencies as M. de Charlus.

Proust uses the same method in his evocation and examination of his own reactions as he has in his treatment of other characters. There is the same detachment, the same objectivity, if we may use the term, in dealing with his love, his jealousy and his despair, as if he were analyzing the psychology of another person under similar circumstances. He is, in other words, still inductive. He does not state definitely his reactions at any time, even where he seems to be most definite: he describes his mental processes. In describing them, in showing how his mind, seizing upon a word, a facial expression, a gesture, built up a whole hypothesis upon that word, expression or gesture, only to change, to take a different direction, and come to other conclusions not radically but subtly different from the first, Proust builds up, re-creates and sets before us the mood in which he found himself and the emotions he experienced.

Other authors there are, adept in dramatic narration, who could have gained easier climactic effects from the flight and death of Albertine, and they might easily have touched the reader more forcibly at particular spots in the story; but Proust, by piling mental reaction on mental reaction, by describing in detail the states of mind he passed through, gives us in the 225-page chapter of the first volume the very portrait of a human soul experiencing, then gradually disengaging itself from, the overpowering weight of a great sorrow. The very cumulative force of the details, even in the imperfect state of the text, has its power at the end.

After all is said and done, the remarkable thing about the Proust of these last volumes is not his unusual talent as a psychological novelist. It lies in the fact that this man, of a temperament so curious and so distinctive, so eccentric and abnormal during the years he wrote these volumes, succeeds, while describing his emotions, his pangs of jealousy and his despair, in making live before us emotions we all have experienced in some time past. This man, so unusual, shows himself in his grief well-nigh universal.

Sir Oliver Lodge on Evolution

EVOLUTION AND CREATION. By Sir Oliver Lodge. 160 pp. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.

SIR OLIVER LODGE is 75 years old. Comparatively few people can remember a time when he was not an important personage in the ranks of those who inquire, investigate and philosophize concerning the facts of the universe and man's relation to his surroundings. Some of the conclusions to which he has come in recent years have lessened his authority on scientific subjects for many of those who formerly held him in high regard as a scientist and philosopher. But even they cannot deny and some of them might with advantage try to imitate the beauty and fineness of the spirit in which this book is written. It is the ripe product of a lifetime of constant inquiry and thought, and as such deserves the sincere and modest-minded reading of any who are interested in its theme, whatever may be their attitude toward his arguments and convictions. The basic purpose of the book is to set forth the author's belief that there is no essential conflict between Creation and Evolution, and that the latter is merely the method of the former. He handles his material and makes his argument with such tolerance for the beliefs of others, such gentleness of manner, such mellowness of spirit, as might well shame those protagonists of science and of religion who proclaim their beliefs with noisy and narrow insistence.

Sir Oliver takes up the questions of evolution in general, the evolution of the cosmos, of plants and animals and man, indulges in speculations and reasonings concerning origins, existence and what he calls "the perfecting of man," and, finally, considers whether or not humanity is worth all the trouble and the pains it has caused and endured. Through all of this he holds to his primary thesis that "evolution represents the method of Creation—the method, that is, by which things change and improve and come into existence." But he asserts that "Science does not deal with origins, not ultimate origins,"—a statement upon which some of his brother scientists would doubtless disagree with him. Others, ordinary people as well as scientists, might think him not justified in giving equality of value to what he calls "the book of inspiration"—by which he means the words of "the great thinkers and seers, and saints and prophets of all time"—and to "the book of science." Those who have thought much on the subject will cavil, too, because in his account of the spiritual development of man he confines himself solely to the Christian religion and its predecessor, Judaism.

While Sir Oliver does not stress the psychic beliefs that have given him comfort in recent years, he refers to them several times casually, but with calm and complete conviction of their truth. Throughout the book there is evident the essential spirit of the Christian believer, even if its pages are concerned almost wholly with the latest findings of science in such matters as electrons, protons, radiation, the ether and the results of chemical and biological investigation. It is meant for popular reading and its gentle spirit ought to soften and sweeten some of the tempers that have been unduly wrought up by recent controversies over evolution and religious fundamentalism.

Ten Years When Our Public Life Was Low and Lurid

Another "Decade Book" Reanimates the Scandalous '70s

THE DREADFUL DECADE. By Don C. Seitz. 312 pp. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

By ALLEN SINCLAIR WILL

DECADE literature, 1926 model, has set a fashion of laughing at our near ancestors, no more remote, if the truth be told, than the fathers and mothers of the present generation. They were it appears, a queer lot in many ways, and, it may be whispered, some of them are a little queer yet. The true story of the last ten years of the nineteenth century and the opening of the new century had to come out, for why conceal unpleasant facts in an age of realism? Some of the ancient survivors, now from 30 years old upward, may be jarred a bit, but the ultrasophisticated new generation is entitled to its snicker.

Yet the ridicule to which those who dragged out a wretched existence during the backward years around 1890 or 1900 are justly subject may be tempered by gentler impulses. It would seem from some rather plain implications in books of what may be called the decadent school of literature, if there be extenuation for using the adjective in that sense, that the proper attitude toward near ancestors is one of superior pity. They were so primitive as to take open pleasure in vulgar verses such as "Casey at the Bat," though really advanced lyrics of the type of "Jazzy Lou, I'm a Pinin' for You" would not have been appreciated in the crude state of their sensibilities. The leg of mutton sleeves and Prince Albert coats were a scream compared with Summer furs, balloon trousers and other really up-to-date things worn by the emancipated now. The poor creatures who chanced to be alive a quarter of a century ago could not help themselves. They were just late Victorians, and what could be worse?

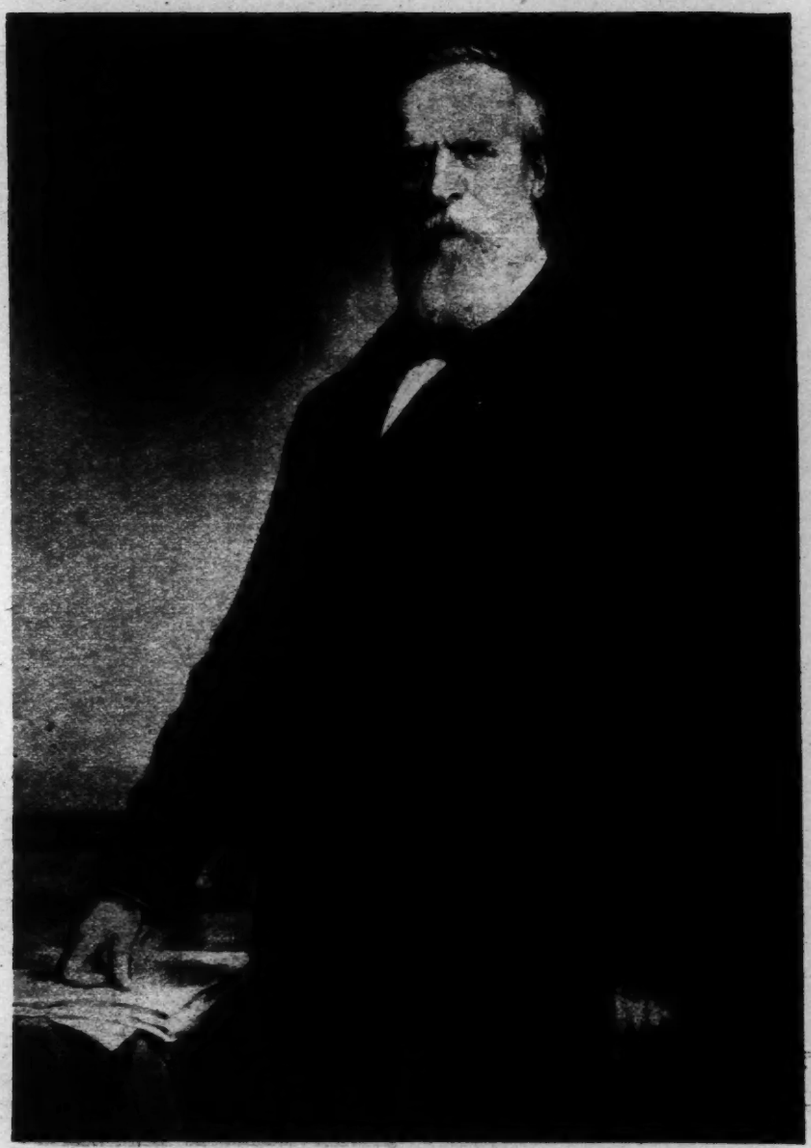
But while there is an alluring temptation in some quarters to laugh at the people who lived in the '90s, laughing at grandma and grandpa is quite a different matter. Distance seems to change the psychology in this case, and age so venerable lends an atmosphere of seriousness in which the ready quip withers and dies. Don C. Seitz, associate and biographer of Joseph Pulitzer the elder, and now active in the literary arena of The Outlook, has picked a decade on which to write that goes well back of the periods covered by Thomas Beer in "The Mauve Decade" and by Mark Sullivan in "Our Times, the Turn of the Century." His topic is the history of 1869-79, when, as he says with almost startling compactness in his foreword, "the United States underwent some strange experiences in the way of political, physical, moral, military and financial calamities."

To "jazz up" the story of such a time would be a more daring venture than Mr. Seitz cares to attempt, and he has allowed the manner of telling to fit the tale. In applying the title "The Dreadful Decade" to the years from reconstruction to the resumption of specie payments, he does not imply irony, as some readers of spoofing literature on decades might be inclined to assume prima facie. In fact, nothing in this book is to be taken in a Pickwickian sense, or, it would be more modern and American to say, in a Cabellian sense. The author is in earnest and means precisely what he says.

Mr. Seitz has written a volume of genuine history. It is in the main a political history, somewhat akin in manner of treatment to Rhodes's work on "The McKinley and Roosevelt Administrations." This plan is appropriate, for politics dominated the decade 1869-79 from first to last, reaching out into a multitude of things from which, happily, it has since been excluded. Of conditions in 1868, when Grant was elected President for the first term, Mr. Seitz says:

> With the Union saved and slavery abolished the [Republican] party was without an issue, and the idealists were pushed aside for spoilsmen. The Democrats were not better off for issues. They were held to be "copperheads" and "skedaddlers" in the North and traitors in the South. Partisanship without purpose or patriotism ruled on both sides and the land was full of hatred.

A chapter on reconstruction legislation, with its disastrous sequels, opens the book, and there are also subdivisions on Grant's Administration, the Crédit Mobilier affair and the Tilden and Hayes campaign, which carry the main political thread of the narrative. Between these, as is befitting, is an account of the operations of the Tweed ring, for while the Republicans were producing scandals in the national field, Democratic bosses in some of the cities were looting with the greed of buccaneers.



Rutherford B. Hayes.

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The financial adventuring of Fisk and Gould, with the attempt to corner gold and the calamity of Black Friday, is an indispensable topic in any comprehensive history of the period, and receives its due proportion of space. There are also chapters on the Virginius affair, with its national outburst of indignation, intensified in 1898 after the Maine explosion; on the Modoc and Sioux wars and on the Beecher and Tilton trial. All of these things, as Mr. Seitz treats of them, are aspects of calamitous conditions which followed the overstrain of the Civil War.

A refreshing candor lends a distinctive stamp to the entire book. Mr. Seitz writes of a period regarding which many historians for a long time hesitated to tell the truth or smothered the truth. Indeed, in the frenzied struggle for partisan advantage, the records were so distorted that it was difficult for an investigator to find what the truth was. Acts of shameless fraud were hidden under masses of altruistic phrases. "Five-by-four history," consisting of reports in which packed Congressional and legislative committees, by divided votes, tried to conceal the records of unsavory things, was the order of the day. The alternative to accepting this manufactured mendacity at its face value is recklessness in critical treatment, but Mr. Seitz has evidently sought to maintain the balance of the impartial historian. Of the merits of the case for Hayes and the case for Tilden in the 1876 dispute, he says.

> Critical consideration carries the conviction that neither side honestly won the election. Had there been a legal way out, both Hayes and Tilden should have been disqualified.

The same poise is seen in this summary of the pre-election campaign:

> Bayonets still guarded polling places in the South, and carpetbaggers or renegades in the Southern service were in power. The true battleground, therefore, appeared to be in the North. Mr. Tilden did not neglect the South. It had been better if he had. The activities of his agents in Florida were to become, in a measure, his undoing. Hayes was the younger man, being 54. He stood for civil service reform and the resumption of specie payments. Tilden was evasive in his letter of acceptance and nearly slipped off the party platform.

Among the most skillfully presented and interesting chapters in the book are those on New York events, the atmosphere of which Mr. Seitz absorbed in his early days as a newspaper correspondent and editor. He was too young to scribble more than schoolboy essays in the period when Fisk, Gould and Stokes were in their prime as robust operators in high finance, with side excursions into the political field, but his text gives evidence that he came in contact subsequently with men whose thoughts were still vivid with the drama of that time. His story of the doings of these three retains the color which surrounded them, and which is necessary to the reader if the vast audacity of some of their projects is to be comprehended.

The account of the Beecher-Tilton episode is set in a background of the older Brooklyn, as it ought to be. Without a proper staging, the amazingly intricate developments of the case seem to be without rhyme or reason, but they were as distinctly a manifestation of some American conditions in the '70s and '80s as the Dreyfus case was a manifestation of conditions in France twenty years later. To call those conditions typical of America in that decade or any other would be as wild a statement as to call the Dreyfus case typical of French conditions, but it may still be conceded that both of them were revelatory in an important sense. Here, again, viewpoints gathered in Mr. Seitz's personal environment are transferred to the reader, as when he cites a statement made to him by St. Clair McKelway that the latter wrote the preface to one of the Tilton affidavits.

Despite these reminders of facts or impressions gathered directly by the author in an active life in journalism, the main character of Mr. Seitz's book is derived from its sincerity and lucidity of treatment rather than from the presentation of new material. He inserts a few documents, or extracts from documents, notably in the chapter on Indian wars, in which Captain Jack's speech when he was about to be sentenced to death at Fort Klamath in 1873 is given apparently in full. The eloquence of orations delivered by Indian chiefs needs no emphasis, but this salutation of the Modoc leader when about to die is a distinct reminder in its general tone of Socrates's apologia, of which the doomed red man doubtless had never heard. As to the Sioux, Mr. Seitz recalls that General Miles once said that he took no pride in his operations against them, for he "had never known one who was not a warrior, a gentleman and a man of honor."

So the tale runs along smoothly until Jan. 1, 1879, is reached in the procession of dates, and it is recorded that when the word of the United States put solid gold behind every dollar in circulation, "the Dreadful Decade had ended."

Its excesses, deplorable as they were, were less than have been committed in spasmodic periods that have come to older nations. After the enormous wastage of the war, the mass of Americans settled down to hard work in order to repair the ravages, which they did magnificently, but in their preoccupation with their personal problems they allowed political and financial bosses to acquire too much power. If there is one overshadowing moral to be drawn from the period—in this case the author plainly asserts that he makes no attempt of the kind—it is the old one that continual vigilance is the price of the preservation of democratic institutions unimpaired.

The decade method of treating American history has much to recommend it. The insatiable curiosity of readers for the details of history—even what might be properly termed small details—is comparatively new and rather difficult to account for. Perhaps it proceeds from growing distrust of historians who deal with subjects in a summary manner, selecting from huge accumulations of facts a few statements or generalities, which process may easily amount to forcing opinions on the reader.

In an age of new inquiry into values of many kinds, when individuals are impatient of leading strings, it is natural that there should be a re-examination of historical values. Much historical writing is still provincial, and its narrowness and proneness to platitudes give rise to resentment in the minds of those who desire a national treatment. There is nothing provincial or sectional in Mr. Seitz's new book, and this is one of its best recommendations. He calls a spade a spade, whether the reference is to a condition in one political party or another, and he does not hesitate to set up a rogues' gallery of his own when he is telling of a crime wave in politics. When he reaches the renaissance that came in the Hayes Administration he changes his note readily and gives a paean of peace, work and reviving prosperity with as much gusto as he showed in his heavier orchestration of tragic themes.

About Books, *More or Less:* Whither Civilization?

By SIMEON STRUNSKY.

A MODEST newcomer in the apocalyptic literature of the day is Sigmund Mendelsohn's "Saturated Civilization" (Macmillan). In bulk, in range, in dire implications it does not court comparison with Keyserling and Spengler on the fate of the Western world, or with Houston Stewart Chamberlain on that part of the Western world which suffers from the misfortune of not being Teutonic. And yet, despite the lack of an imposing apparatus of scholarship, despite the fact that it is very simply written and very easily understood, this little volume of less than 200 pages has advantages over its superdreadnought competitors. Probably one should say "because of" rather than "despite." The author makes a single point in a still, small voice, without an obbligato of thunder and lightning. The promise of great horizons is there, but it is for ourselves to unfold them. We are not invited to frame new philosophies of history, but to ponder on a single problem. This may be described as the rôle of Labor in the modern world.

Contemporary obsequies, inquests or diagnoses dealing with Western civilization have their origin in the World War. It is true that Oswald Spengler foresaw and wrote down the collapse of the Occident before the outbreak of hostilities in 1914. Keyserling turned to the East before the war. But both men imply or directly say that the war provided only the fulfillment of their vision. The forces behind the world tragedy were more or less thinly at play beneath the surface of things and easily enough discernible to the sensitive mind. Minds of smaller penetration needed the great calamity to rouse them to the truth. Since the war there has been no lack of speculation on the approaching end of the world as we of the West know it. Common to all such prophecies, not excluding the present volume, is the acceptance of the rhythmic law of birth, decay and death. Everything in nature is born, waxes strong and passes away. Civilizations have repeatedly illustrated the operation of the inexorable law; Flinders Petrie has counted eight or ten such civilizations in the so-called "ancient" Egypt. What reason is there for assuming that the modern world will prove immune to a biological process?

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THERE is no reason, arguing from the general rule. The rhythm of life and death is a fact. The only difference of opinion is with regard to the wave length. Are we at any moment at the crest of the wave, in the trough, on the ascending slope, on the descending slope? Mr. Chesterton is inclined to believe that Western civilization began to decline in the thirteenth century. Spengler believes the descent began with the French Revolution. Bertrand Russell would say that the decline began with the World War; or at least would there date the breakdown. The author of "Saturated Civilization" modestly gives no dates either in the past or for the future; and one reason would be that he is not convinced that civilization is done for. There are uncomfortable possibilities, there is a discernible menace, but he is not at all sure that the peril may not be averted. He propounds a problem instead of pronouncing a doom.

Present-day apocalyptic literature is preoccupied with machinery. Spengler would hold that the decline of our civilization began when the machine came in and "civilization" supplanted "culture." In England and this country the more popular statement is that man today is in danger of being crushed by the machines which he has invented, using "machines" in the very broadest sense to describe the extraordinary complications of our industrial civilization. But Mr. Mendelsohn is not afraid of the machine. He believes that in the matter of mechanical invention we are already near the saturation point. He believes that the vast multiplication of human wants and satisfactions which machinery has fostered is likewise nearing an end. People are growing tired of turning luxuries into necessities, with resultant boredom and unrest. They are tired of many inventions. What chiefly concerns our author is just the opposite problem. The world is in danger of losing one machine, one tool which it cannot spare; and that is the earliest of all tools, labor itself. Labor has ceased to be an instrument and has become a living, breathing, exacting organ of human society:

> Labor's elevation is not a movement in which rise and fall alternate in rhythmic order within fixed limits; nor is it a passing manifestation arising largely from the World War, and which is eventually to be followed by a downward movement to the former low labor level. The rise of labor since the last quarter of the nineteenth century forms a slow evolutionary process of gradual stages of progress, and is now as firmly embedded in the modern social order as was labor's degradation in the old social order. It derives its force from widespread public enlightenment, from a higher sense of social justice, and above all from the awakened force within labor itself. * * * The uplift of labor will stand out as the most important event in the history of modern European civilization, the force of which is manifest in the tremendous changes it has already effected in the political and economic institutions of the world.

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THE rise of labor has been accompanied by a "depletion" of the labor supply. The length of the working day has been cut down. Social legislation has taken women and children under its protection. Labor's enhanced social status sends the children of the workers into the higher schools and the white collar occupations. The shorter working day, according to our author, has not brought the higher productivity that was claimed for it. There is every reason for believing that the world has become "saturated" with social reform, with upliftment. We can scarcely go beyond universal manhood and womanhood suffrage and give the vote to the children. Humanitarianism has overlooked no one in its ministrations—the poor, the downtrodden, the unfortunate, the handicapped in every form. Let it be noted that Mr. Mendelsohn does not say it is time to call a halt. The passage I have cited shows how warm is his sympathy with the rise of the masses of the world's workers to full partnership in the human family. But he is compelled to speak out as an objective observer. Upon action follows reaction. With saturation comes stagnation. Already he discerns powerful reactionary forces in play. Other people are saying that it is time to cry halt to labor. We are apparently sated with social progress. "Only those achievements will permanently survive that conform with the tendencies and fit the conditions of coming generations." And with the problem thus posed Mr. Mendelsohn leaves us.

It is a real problem, not because the facts about labor are always as the author describes them, but because a great many people do believe them to be facts and believe with sufficient ardor and resentment to preach crusades and policies. Labor arrogance, labor inefficiency, labor's demand for an increased share of the social product without a corresponding contribution to that product, these are sufficiently familiar topics of the day. And if we accept the alleged premises there is no evading the issue. If hundreds of millions of workers continue to demand more and render less there can be but one of two answers, repression or economic chaos and collapse. The eight-hour day, the seven-hour day, create a vast fund of human leisure which means a vast suction of new wants. If the eight or seven hour day fails to produce the new supplies to meet the new demands—well, it is obvious.

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WE get down, then, to a question of fact. Is it true that labor is steadily being "depleted" in productivity as in numbers? Our author has no doubts on the subject. "Evident as is the elevation of labor, so are impaired productivity and the high cost of production which accompany it." It is a pity that the author has felt this to be so evident that he has not troubled to supply the evidence. Efficiency among the British miners is said to have decreased in recent times as measured by individual output. Elsewhere similar cases may be found. But for labor as a whole no such generalization is possible. For labor in the United States the generalization is untrue. Productivity in this country, whether due to labor or machinery has increased within a generation by something like 60 per cent. But we need not enter into details. There is a simple test. How has it been with the wealth of the world since the "humanization" of labor was initiated some time in the later half of the nineteenth century? The multiplication of wealth, roughly speaking, has gone on in geometrical ratio while the rise of labor has been an arithmetical progression.

There is one common trait in nearly all of our discontents with or alarms about modern civilization. From a Western civilization threatened with catastrophe or already devoid of values the eye turns fondly to the immemorial East. Spengler thinks of the collapse of the Occident and invites our attention to India and China. In those countries Keyserling seeks the answer to his doubts. In the trough of discouragement a few years ago English and American writers wondered whether the sun of civilization, going down upon our Western world in a murk of flame and blood, was not destined to reappear in China and India. Now this is all very well, provided you do not speak of the rhythm of civilization, of birth, growth, decay. But it seems odd to be looking for rhythm in the East where there is no rhythm. You may hold that China's or India's civilization is infinitely superior to our own. But you cannot in the same breath invoke the laws of biologic movement to pronounce a doom on the West and invite our consideration for an East which has been standing still for several thousand years. Either there is no Chinese and Indian civilization or else there can be civilizations without rhythm and we of the West are safe.

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SOME such hankering after lessons from the East manifests itself in the present volume:

> Past and present examples lend support to the theory that only debased and impotent labor can be used as an effective instrument of intensive material progress. * * * Under humane labor conditions the wonderful monuments of Egypt, Greece or Rome would not have been reared, nor would the remarkable industrial development of the nineteenth century have distinguished modern civilization.

The answer is, of course, that modern humane labor could not build a Parthenon, but Greece was not material progress. Modern humane labor could easily build the Pyramids or the Roman aqueducts and has done it. Modern humane labor, in the space of five years, piled up more cubic yards of masonry in the Assuan Dam than are contained in all three of the Pyramids. The railroads of the world, built under modern labor conditions, probably represent more "output" than in all of the monuments of Egypt through thousands of years. To make the assertion safe we might throw in the Panama Canal.

And if modern labor, in reference to the testimony just cited, means largely modern machinery, the second of our author's premises remains to be justified—is the world saturated with machinery, is the age of mechanical invention drawing to a close? That is a bold thing to say, not in face of the gas engine, radio and the airplane, but in face of Einstein and the new physics, and what Professor Dewey has called the New Intellectual Climate. As the steam engine was made inevitable by Galileo and Kepler and Newton, what tools may not come out of the formulas of the relativists and the quantumists? Spengler and Keyserling may be right in saying that not all the machines in the world are worth a single outburst of the human spirit. But in material values there would seem to be no reason for being downhearted.

With Mr. Mendelsohn's ultimate implications then we are less concerned than with the human problem he has posed. The humanization of labor is, indeed, a tremendous fact. The rise of a great percentage of mankind from the status of a tool to the rôle of a person is indeed beset with problems and perplexities. In emphasizing the problem this little volume has great value.

The name of the People's Institute Publishing Company has been changed to W. W. Norton & Co., the directors being W. W. Norton, Parker McCollester, H. P. Wilson, R. E. Hedges and Andrew D. Sharpe. The firm announces a new series of scientific books to be known as "The New Science Series," of which the publishers say: "It is the aim of The New Science Series to help modern men and women know more about themselves and their world, and to feel that they understand something of 'what it is all about.'" The first titles in the series will be announced shortly. Mr. Norton will continue to act as publisher of The People's Institute's "Lectures-in-Print."

SHIPS THAT PASS IN PRINT

Jacket Design for "Contemporary Scale Models of Vessels of the Seventeenth Century." By Henry B. Culver.
Published by Payson and Clarke, Ltd., New York.

M. André Maurois Explores Some Tragic Illusions

The Author of "Ariel" Finds "Make-Believe" in the Art of Goethe, Balzac and Mrs. Siddons

Portrait of Mrs. Siddons by Thomas Gainsborough.

Copyright Photo Eyre & Spottiswoode, Ltd. From "The Outline of Art" By Sir William Orpen. (G. P. Putnams Sons.)

MAPE: THE WORLD OF ILLUSION. By André Maurois. 247 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.50.

By HERBERT S. GORMAN

M. ANDRE MAUROIS has solved, apparently to his own satisfaction, that deliberate adjustion of fiction and history that forms a genre in writing particularly popular at the moment. It is not a new type of writing, although the method of its presentation is unique in that it employs a psychological investigation of motives that throws (more often than not) a peculiarly piercing light on the characters involved. There is danger in it as well as pleasure, for the reader, thrust by the writer along certain paths of soul development, must accept the historical personage so fictionalized just as the author chooses to present him. In other words, there is no impartiality in the implied biographical data. It is selected, arranged, interwoven, romanticized, twisted to serve dramatic ends and rounded to a theme. Life, of course, is not like this. When "Mape: The World of Illusion" is opened the reader is quite justified in doubting whether or not this is the actual young Goethe of "The Sorrows of Werther," or the real Sarah Siddons who sat so majestically for Reynolds. And yet so agile is M. Maurois in selecting and arranging his material that the aspect of reality quite thrusts into a foggy background whatever misgivings the captious reader may have. After all, there is no reason why he should be too captious, for M. Maurois's purpose is not so much information as it is revelation. Truth is not always to be found in a bare recital of facts; quite often it is implicit in the spirit of a selected number of phenomena.

"Mape: The World of Illusion," M. Maurois's latest addition to that genre he made so peculiarly his own with "Ariel, ou La Vie de Shelley," differs from the previous work in that fancy admittedly plays a greater part in it and that it is formed from three distinct parts. The three stories so bundled together are introduced by a brief imaginary interlude in which we learn that a child, lonely amidst the realities of a growing life overcrowded with duties and obligations and thou-must-nots, creates for herself a land of fancy which she affectionately dubs Mape. It is to this land that she flees from the world, for Mape, though not on any terrestrial map, is but a step outside of life. It is therefore the land of self-delusion, of make-believe, of escape. Having established his fanciful terrain, M. Maurois offers three stories, two of them composed in the manner of his life of Shelley, which exhibits various characters striving to achieve that dreamlike land into which the child may so easily step. The creator (in this case, Goethe) achieves it. The reader (a purely imaginary creation) crosses its border for a brief space of time. And the interpreter (the great English tragedienne, Sarah Siddons) finds in it a refuge from the parious griefs of an unmerciful fortune. Thus M. Maurois pictures the three great classifications of mankind, the creators, the interpreters and the absorbers, so to speak, finding a refuge in self-created dominions beyond the disadvantageous mockeries of their environments. It is an admirable scaffolding for his subject matter, and M. Maurois builds to it excellently. At the same time the reader must remember that it is a drastic framework and that these men and women who walk through it are as much the creation of the author as they are of the Time-Spirit that evolved their actual prototypes.

M. Maurois's opening story, that of the escape of the creator into the land of Mape, is entitled "The Sorrows of Young Werther" and it is the narrative of Goethe's innocuous and affecting love affair with Charlotte Buff. There is no reader of Goethe who is not quite familiar with the outline of this story of the young Dr. Goethe, handsome in aspect, engrossing in conversation and youthfully brilliant, who comes to Wetzlar, falls passionately in love with the fiancée of his friend Kestner, pays a long and unsuccessful court to her and finally goes away and distils his grief into the pages of that first romantic novel, "The Sorrows of Werther," a book which, it is asserted, caused more suicides among lovelorn young men than any work ever written. M. Maurois has studied his Goethe and the temperament of his Goethe to such good purpose that it is rather difficult to pick a historical flaw in his treatment of the subject. The passions of the young German romanticist are developed in a most consistent and agreeable manner. One sees this conquering young man falling passionately in love with a calm-minded, and, it is to be suspected, entirely unromantic Charlotte as she stands cutting slices of bread for her small brothers and sisters who crowd about her like little hungry birds with their mouths open. It is a type of idyllic German scene that must immediately have fastened itself with conquering power upon Goethe's impressionable mind. He saw in Charlotte a typification of that happy domesticity that might be his if he were not so incurably volatile. Charlotte undoubtedly knows Goethe from the first and realizes that she is much safer in the stable affections of Kestner than she would be as the sweetheart of a blossoming young poet and dreamer. Quite the most curious part of this affair is the way in which the three principals involved met almost daily and discussed Goethe's hopeless passion. It is only after Goethe has torn himself away and found some surcease in the benignant smiles of another woman that the theme of "The Sorrows of Werther" begins to dawn upon him. He will use his own love affair, calling Charlotte by her own name, and he will place a tragic finale to the tale by using the story of the unhappy Jerusalem, a fellow-student who has killed himself for love. "The Sorrows of Werther" is written in four weeks and published, much to the anger of Kestner, who sees in it an unholy flaunting of sacred passion and a brutalizing of the characters involved. But Goethe is the artist first of all. He will use any and everything to forward the bent of his genius, and to express himself to the top of his capacity. Such a procedure is his Mape, his land of sublimation, his terrain of make-believe, where he may deal as he pleases with love and life. M. Maurois embroiders upon these facts with a delicate skill and the result is a tale wherein all the characters involved stand out clearly and represent the carrying urges of love.

"It Was Monsieur de Balzac's Fault" presents the second circle of Mape and here we have the picture of the reader who finds his world of fancy through the pages of another man's book. The story of Lecadieu and his bid for fortune is a typical French conte, in some ways. Here we have an aspiring student who fancies that he may push his way into the foremost political circles of Paris by engineering a clandestine affair with the wife of a Deputy. He has read Stendhal and imagines that he is cut from the same cloth as Julien Sorel. Everything goes smoothly for a time until he is rebuffed by the Deputy's wife, but while he is leaving the house he remembers a tale by Balzac (it is "The Deserted Wife," by the way) wherein an unsuccessful lover turns back at the door and wins his mistress by an immediate reappearance. Lecadieu imitates this fictional personage and is entirely successful, so far as the particular seduction goes. His whole life changes here, but the Deputy, who had long planned to divorce his wife, takes advantage of the situation, plays like a cat with Lecadieu and finally forces him out of Paris with the woman he has won merely for the sake of his vaulting ambition. It is a deplorable finish for Lecadieu, who finds his Mape, his land where fictional characters are so successful, to be a fool's paradise after all. This is the least interesting of M. Maurois's three stories, for it presupposes too much and never rises above the low level of its paramount character.

But with "The Portrait of an Actress" the author comes quite into his own and delivers himself of an arrangement of biographical phenomena that is revelatory in the extreme. He has clothed the bare bones of fact with a rich and colored fancy, tinged with the sombreness of life, that one must imagine comes pretty close to the state of affairs that existed between Sarah Siddons and her two daughters, Sarah and Maria. The reader gains an excellent idea of the cold, classic quality of Mrs. Siddons and the tragedy inherent in the tale, which is based upon the love of her two daughters for the brittle and fickle painter, Thomas Lawrence, who plays first with one and then the other, and lifts the entire narrative to a plane that is really exalted in its implications. Sarah Siddons, although sorely perplexed by the hardships of an onerous stage career and the unhappy fate of both of her daughters, who died young, finds her Mape in the gas-lighted illusions of the stage. In that dramatic world of fancy she may forget her sorrows and rise above the temporal disillusionments of a cruel earth. Four characters are strikingly portrayed in this story, the great Sarah herself, her cold and pure-minded daughter Sally, that other daughter, Maria, so warm-blooded and coquettish, and the unstable but brilliant Lawrence. It is really a tragic genre piece out of the English artistic life of a past century. And one must emphasize again here the fact that was so often emphasized soon after the publication of "Ariel, ou la Vie de Shelley," and that is M. Maurois's surprising understanding of the English temperament, something that is so often quite difficult for the Frenchman, with his varying code of morals, to comprehend in its entirety.

"Mape: The World of Illusion" (which, by the way, has been excellently translated by Eric Sutton) is a fascinating book from beginning to end. It may be read as fiction or, in at least two cases, it may be read as biographical vignettes. But if the reader is going to take it as biography, he must understand that the Goethe of "The Sorrow of Young Werther" and the Sarah Siddons of "The Portrait of an Actress" are, to a high degree, the creation of M. Maurois. This is not to assert that he has indulged in any drastic twisting of facts, but he has telescoped and assembled his material to such an extent as to add a unity of purpose that was hardly present in the real life of these characters. Perhaps the least fictionalized of these stories is the one concerned with Goethe, and one reason for this is that Goethe's career in itself was a series of astonishing fictions. He stepped out of romance. But clothed in graceful language, he lives through his second great love affair as vividly as ever. Mrs. Siddons may not be as distinct a figure, but the story as a whole, as a slice of realistic fiction, is the best in the book. M. Maurois should win new readers with this further proof of his skill at turning biography into fiction.

Europe Seeks the Road to Peace

THE ROAD TO PEACE. By Herman Bernstein, Author of "Celebrities of Our Time," &c. 345 pp. New York: Frank-Maurice, Inc. $2.50.

TO men in public or semi-public life throughout the world Mr. Bernstein has put certain questions regarding world peace, and has in his book printed the answers given by Herbert Hoover, William E. Borah, Owen D. Young, Lord Balfour, Havelock Ellis, Hall Caine, Paul Painlevé Romain Rolland, Henri Barbusse, Hjalmar Schacht, Alfred Kerr, Leonid Krassin, Christian Rakovsky, Wladislaw Grabski, Thomas G. Masaryk and Edouard Benès.

The public has, therefore, an opportunity to examine the professed views of political leaders in every great power save Japan and Italy; of the powers of the second rank only Spain, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Brazil and the Argentine are absent. These omissions are not so significant as might appear; for this is a tendentious book, and the single remark of Lord Balfour, that "he was not naïve enough to believe that the World War was the last war" has a sweep which carries it beyond frontiers and across seas.

For these are Mr. Bernstein's questions: Was the World War the last war? Can a new war be started by artificial propaganda? Are we on the eve of a clash between the civilizations of the West and the East? Is the League of Nations or the World Court the road to permanent peace?

Perhaps the most disconcerting reaction of all is the unanimity with which those in responsible positions agree that a new war can be started by official propaganda in a few weeks' time. In this regard Owen D. Young stresses the importance of the Page School as a fact-finding institution. "What we need most are facts, not propaganda," he remarks, "and facts are the strongest antidote to propaganda."

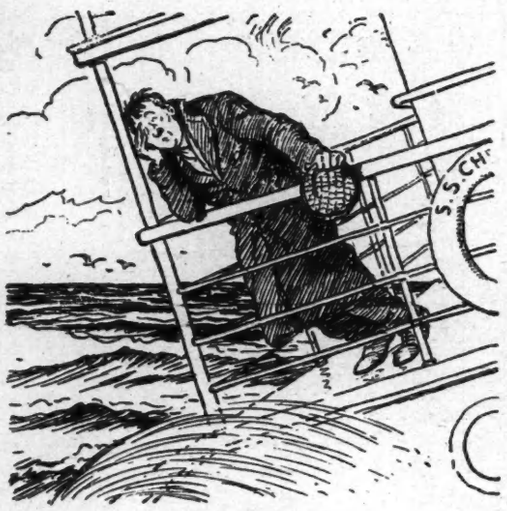
Unfortunately, propagandists are more keenly alive to this fundamental than are any other class of men. Propaganda, in its modern sense, consists entirely of facts; it simply does not produce all the facts. An atrocity story cabled to London or Geneva from Mosul or Constantinople may be absolutely true in fact, but at the same time pay no attention to the other facts which alone explain the incident.

Mr. Bernstein's subjects show a distrust of political methods. Owen D. Young's statement, "I have had some experience both in this country and abroad in seeing politicians attempt to handle economic problems. And I have seen them fail," is the indictment under which most statesmen, even Benès, must labor. To the latter, "The moral participation of America would be a most powerful factor in the establishment of the peace of the world." Painlevé would establish a Federation of Europe. Borah would separate the League from the World Court.

What seems to be needed is the will to peace. Cecil Rhodes achieved greatness through being a man who thought in terms of continents. What is needed is another leader, who will combine the idealism of a Wilson with the pragmatism of an Owen Young and will think in terms, not of continents, but of the world. This is the inference to be drawn from Mr. Bernstein's suggestive investigation. Following the revelations of the Houghton report as to the state of mind of Europe, it does not do more than reveal the conviction that the thing which is needed is not so much organization as a moral force that would turn public opinion away from contention. Politicians are helpless to accomplish this. Where they envisage it, they are promptly punished at the polls. And propaganda rages unchecked and irresponsibly throughout the nations. As a corrective of this international impotence, Mr. Bernstein's revelation of the minds of the world's leaders is an important contribution to the literature of peace.

Contrasting Humors of English And American Comic Poets

Six Books of Light Verse Which Balance British Nonsense With Yankee Slapstick



Ocean Trip.

LAUGHING ANN AND OTHER POEMS. By A. P. Herbert. 118 pp. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.

LAMPOONS. By Humbert Wolfe. 109 pp. London: Ernest Benn, Ltd.

THE DUKE OF BERWICK AND OTHER RHYMES. By Lord Alfred Douglas. 110 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

WHAT THE QUEEN SAID AND FURTHER FACETIOUS FRAGMENTS. By Stoddard King. 149 pp. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

GAY BUT WISTFUL. By Newman Levy. 145 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

THE CONNING TOWER BOOK. Edited by F. P. A. 223 pp. New York: Macy-Masius. $2.50.

By HERBERT S. GORMAN

THE range of light verse is so tremendous that one may travel all the way from the sheer nonsense of Edward Lear to the satire implied in Gilbert. To sequestrate its varying manifestations, therefore, would require a book in itself, but two distinct trends may be indicated by borrowing nationalistic renderings, namely, those of England and America. A. P. Herbert, Humbert Wolfe and Lord Alfred Douglas, having recently delivered themselves of collections of light verse, may represent England, and Stoddard King, Newman Levy and the galaxy of "The Conning Tower," Mr. Franklin P. Adams's daily column, may do the same for America. At a first glance the differences seem obvious. For some reason, the English writers do not seem to be so funny as the Americans, but as we study their work it becomes perceptible that they are funny in a quiet way, and, on the whole, more polished in literary means. The Americans are funny with a gusto. They ride a joke to its graveyard. They are less ceremonious and unashamed of dipping into slapstick at times. They are spry in avoiding dullness, an occasional fault of the Englishmen, and they are less concerned in indicating social satire in a quietly effective way. They bring bludgeons into play, as it were, and, curiously enough, they vindicate the use of these primitive weapons of offense by a surprising degree of success. Their sense of humor runs riot to a greater extent than that of the English, but it takes an extremely lachrymose reader not to follow them with a high degree of delight. If they are a bit too smart at times, it may be forgiven them. With so much of a preface, the writers selected as representative of their national funnybones may speak for themselves.

Mr. A. P. Herbert, who slips graciously forward with "Laughing Ann and Other Poems," is already a familiar figure to American readers. He is the A. P. H. of Punch and the verses in his book are essentially punch-y. They are Gilbertian in a sense, excellently rhymed and flowing in measure, laughable (but not uproariously so) and generally type-presentations. The chorus of "My Day Out" may be taken as one example, that of the representation of a popular domestic character.

Oh, I likes a bit of enjoyment on a Friday;
I like to hear the music in the parks,
I like to sit on a bus an' be the lidy,
I like to look at the chaps an' pass remarks,
I've only got to wash myself an' it's out of this for Jane,
My Georgie's round the corner an' he's waiting in the rain,
An' if any one likes to ring the bell,
Or come to the top of the stairs an' yell,
Well, I'll be snug in the pictures, dear, an' they can ring again.

Then there are "The Saviours," another familiar British type, excellently indicated by Mr. Herbert.

Sir Thingummy Jig was breakfasting on bacon and ham and eggs,
And kidney and toast and mushrooms, and a couple of partridge legs,
And all the time in The Sunday Chime, as a baronet ought to do,
He studied the state of the Universe and saw that it was blue.
"B'death!" remarked Sir Thingummy Jig, "bring me a pen and ink!
Bring me a fair white writing pad, and something strong to drink,
And wrap a towel about my head and don't let any one in,
For I must write to The Times tonight and save the world from sin."

Mr. Herbert's book will be found to be full of such personalities as Ann, who marries Mr. Jones of the bank, policemen, milkmen, servant girls, seasick victims, enraged Tories and the Englishmen who utter "Ha!" or "Ho!" as a reply to everything. It is all quiet fun, but exceedingly well written.

Mr. Humbert Wolfe's "Lampoons" contains just what the title implies. They are short, generally in quatrain form, and they prick cleverly enough the actual personalities with whom they are concerned. Mr. Wolfe deals in direct names. One is as good as another, but three samples may be served up at random as evidence of the pith in the volume.

H. G. WELLS.

After having given birth
To a new heaven and a new earth,
Thinking out new sorts of Hells,
Here lies Mr. H. G. Wells.

DEAN INGE.

Hark!, The Herald angels sing
Timidly, because Dean Inge
Has arrived, and seems to be
Bored with immortality.

LYTTON STRACHEY.

Here lies Lytton Strachey planning
Epigrams to silence Manning,
While the latter rests in pace,
Never having heard of Strachey.

Not content with thus pinning his subjects down with a deft succinct jab, Mr. Wolfe also includes a brief selection of rhymes supposedly written by poets about each other. For instance, we have Mr. de la Mare thus reflecting on John Masefield:

Here lies a most vigorous poet,
Hard of fist and thought was he,
I think he was the most vigorous poet
That ever assaulted poetry.
But still they read him, still they praise him,
However rude, rude be he,
Which makes me wonder, when I crumble,
Will any one remember me?

The felicitous quality and the snap of Mr. Wolfe's rhymes fashion, his book into a clever and engrossing whole. It is a small handful that he has to offer, but it will amply reward the reader.

Our third English light-versifier is Lord Alfred Douglas, who possibly has appeared in so many guises during the past thirty years that his name will occasion some surprise. Any reader of "The Duke of Berwick and Other Rhymes," however, will testify that the author deserves a place among the English humorous rhymesters of our day. His book is a collected edition of four previous publications and it brings together some excellent matter. Some of these verses are animated with a deft satirical intent, while others, notably "The Tails With a Twist," are sheer nonsense, just the sort of verse that disciples of Edward Lear will love. Evidently Lord Alfred Douglas takes his work very seriously, for he prefixes an introduction (it is the preface to the first edition of "The Pongo Papers," 1907), in which he states:

I claim for "The Pongo Papers" and for "The Placid Pug" that they are by far the most elaborate nonsense rhymes that have ever been attempted. I have devoted as much time and trouble and fundamental brain-work to their production as I have ever done in writing sonnets, and though I will not say they were as difficult to write as sonnets, I will say that they were very nearly as difficult.

As both "The Pongo Papers" and "The Placid Pug" are included in this volume the reader may turn to these most difficult of nonsense verses and make up his own mind about them.

Turning to "Tails With a Twist" "The Baboon" may be presented as an example of the nonsense method of Lord Alfred Douglas when he is innocent of a satirical intent.

The Baboon is a fearful ape,
From him there's really no escape.

The highest tree, the deepest cave,
From him is powerless to save.

Although his form you may not see,
He drops upon you from a tree.

And if his way your footsteps tend,
It practically means the end.

With which we turn to the Americans. Stoddard King, with his "What the Queen Said and Further Facetious Fragments" comes first, and it is well that he does, for Mr. King is a serious poet as well as a humorous rhymester. There is real poetry in this book, an inclination toward a serious utterance that should be fostered carefully by Mr. King. But as humor is the reigning subject, so far as these paragraphs go, it will be more apropos to quote "In Behalf of the Worm," which, set beside Lord Alfred Douglas's "The Baboon," gives an idea of the national difference in handling such material.

The angleworm's the friend of man,
The mascot of the garden,
Yet anglers toss him in a can
And never beg his pardon.
I unreservedly affirm
They don't do right by that poor worm.

The angleworm's a harmless cuss
And keeps the humus fertile,
But when they see him, quite a fuss
Is made by Mac and Myrtle.
He lacks the caterpillar's fuzz—
But handsome is as handsome does.

Think kindly of the angleworm,
Be gentle when you meet him,
And give a sympathetic squirm
When greedy robins eat him.
Let this thought govern what you do—
He never done no dirt to you.

The humor, it will be observed is a little broader than that in the English verse. There are more plays on colloquialisms. Much of Mr. King's work is along this order, but there is a keen satirical gift as well and a deftness of rhyme that aids wonderfully in the general effect.

Mr. Newman Levy's "Gay But Wistful," with which may be considered F. P. A.'s anthology "The Conning Tower Book," for Mr. Levy is one of the column contributors, shows the same general aspects as Mr. King's work, except that there are moments when the smartness seems to be accentuated. There is the delight in retelling famous stories in Yiddish dialect, in burlesquing types, and in kindred verbal manoeuvres that bespeak a keen eye and an emphatic satirical bent. In "The Conning Tower Book" the reader will find a medley of light rhymes, satire, quips, and serious lyrics (some of them a trifle kittenishly so). It is all enjoyable, the type of work that is as light as thistledown but which carries its tiny barbs as well. One difference between English and American light verse that manifests itself in this half dozen of volumes is (if we except sheer nonsense poetry—and the English seem to have the best of that) that the American is more addicted to frank burlesque than the Britisher, who seems to content himself with a quieter sort of satire. Still, there is meat for all minds in the work of both countries and it would be difficult to assert which had the better of it. It is possible that English writers are better for Englishmen and American writers for Americans, considering that national senses of humor are apt to vary.

Hunting Tiger.

Shah.

The Illustrations on This Page Are From "Laughing Ann and Other Poems," by A. P. Herbert. Illustrated by George Morrow.

Louis Napoleon's Share in The Making of Italy

An Italian Historian Acknowledges the Role of France in the Risorgimento

***NAPOLEONE III E L'ITALIA.** Studio storico. Per Senatore M. Mazziotti. 363 pp. Milano: Società Editrice Unitas, XX.*

By H. NELSON GAY

FEW subjects today are of more vital international importance than present and future relations between France and Italy, for upon them in no small measure depends the peace of the world. What are the common interests of these two sister Latin nations and what can best be done to reconcile the interests that conflict?

The history of the last three-quarters of a century should be illuminating alike to the student of these problems and to the statesman, for international relations were as complex seventy-five years ago as they are now and many of the difficulties of today already existed, though the fact that Italy in this period has become much more powerful, more populous and more prosperous may have led France to regard her with increasing mistrust and jealousy.

The days of the Second Empire were those in which Franco-Italian relations were at their best, though by no means always smooth, and this is the period to which historians of both countries have of late been directing their chief attention, writing in a new realistic spirit freed from much of the contemporary passion and prejudice that clouded earlier historical work. Four years ago Paul Matter brought out the first volume of his important study, "Cavour et l'Unité Italienne"; the Revue des Deux Mondes followed in early 1923 with the serial publication of Frédéric Masson's "L'Italie Libérée," composed of many of Prince Napoleon's unpublished papers; then came Ernest d'Hauterive's "Correspondance Inédite" of Napoleon III and Prince Napoleon, full of important revelations upon Italy; and now Maurice Paléologue's "Un Grand Réaliste, Cavour" is running through many numbers of the same great French review. On the Italian side Alfredo Comandini published his scholarly and intensely interesting "Il Principe Napoleone nel Risorgimento Italiano" in 1922, and today comes Mazziotti's valuable volume.

"Napoleon III has been the only Frenchman who has really loved Italy." These words are from the pen of Giuseppe Verdi, the famous composer, who, it should be recalled, sat as a member of the first Italian Chamber of Deputies, and was not only a musical genius but also a man of sound political sense. Verdi's declaration expresses substantially the conviction of many Italians past and present, and Mazziotti's "Napoleone III e l'Italia" might be termed an inquiry into the correctness of this sweeping historical appreciation.

In Mazziotti's opinion Napoleon III never said or did anything that was unfavorable to the creation and aggrandizement of modern Italy—"his favorite son," to use Emile Ollivier's phrase. "The Emperor's work, truly sublime in favor of Italy," writes Mazziotti, "does not shine forth as yet in all its splendor, but—" and here he quotes a recent authoritative opinion of Alessandro Luzio of the Royal Turin Archives—

> when the correspondence between Cavour and Costantino Nigra is published as a whole, it will redound to the imperishable glory of Napoleon III, offering irrefutable proof of his extraordinary political acumen, which patiently seconded Cavour and in many cases inspired the latter's conduct, offering counsel, admonishing, reproving.

This may seem fulsome eulogy. We shall see upon what plausible arguments Mazziotti bases it—and we may not always be able to agree with them.

But there is the other point in the question raised by Verdi's declaration, namely, What has been the attitude of the French as a people toward the unification and aggrandizement of Italy during the past century? If Napoleon III was the only Frenchman who has really loved Italy, how did the other 35,781,626 Frenchmen feel in 1859, when France declared war against Austria for the liberation of Northern Italy from foreign domination? If they did not want to help Italy, why did they fight? And yet, fighting, did they really mean to create a strong Italy? Were the French in 1859 already mistrustful of Italy as a possible rival? We should keep in mind the opinion expressed in this regard by Prince Napoleon, cousin of the Emperor, and certainly no less a friend to the Italians than Napoleon III himself: in 1860 the Prince considered a unified Italy as frankly undesirable for France; the thought of a nation of 25,000,000 men placed at her doors and headed by a powerful dynasty frightened him; the influence which France had exercised from time immemorial over the Latin races would suffer cruelly by it; what he would have liked would have been an Italy divided into three kingdoms, one at the north, one in the centre and one at the south.

It is clear then that at the birth of modern Italy, in the vision even of Italy's best French friends, a conflict of interests between the two countries was already looming large on the horizon. Napoleon III believed, however, that he could eventually harmonize Italian interests with those of the empire; what was uppermost in his mind was the supplanting of the domination held by Austrian armies in the north of the Italian peninsula by French moral domination to be exercised throughout the peninsula; and the efforts which he made to check anti-Italian currents in France and eliminate causes of international discord are, indeed, worthy of profound political study. He sought above all to create south of the Alps a power allied to France that would balance in a measure the enmity of Central Europe—and we of today have seen the ultimate justification of this policy that came in 1915, when Italy swung into line in the great war, helping to save France.

But many Italian patriots and historians in the past have claimed that Napoleon III was not a friend of Italy at all. The first accusation usually brought against him is his dispatch of French expeditionary forces against the Roman Republic of 1849 to restore the temporal power of the Pope. Mazziotti, on the contrary, shows that Napoleon, who was then President of the French Republic, was himself strongly averse to this foreign intervention in Italy, which he considered an open offense against the principle of nationality. The expedition was undertaken only after the utter failure of sincere efforts on his part to conciliate the Pope with his subjects, and in the certainty that the reactionary armies of Austria would in a few days be at the gates of Rome unless the troops of the liberal French Republic anticipated them, for public opinion in the Catholic countries of Europe was determined upon the restoration of the temporal power, and the best that could then be hoped for the cause of Italian liberty was that the Pope's return be effected with moderation and with a form of Papal Government less despotic than in the past. Mazziotti agrees with Ollivier's judgment that "the expedition, as it was undertaken by Prince Louis Napoleon, was an act of progress, of civilization and of friendship toward Italy."

Prince Louis Napoleon, a Great Adventurer Who Became "Napoleon the Little," Emperor of the French.

From a Daguerreotype Once in Possession of Duc de Morny.

Mazzini, on the other hand, considered Napoleon's action against Rome as a crime and a blunder. It is worth recalling in this connection that Lewis Cass, American chargé d'affaires in Rome at the time, and Nicholas Brown, American Consul, were both admirers of Mazzini and strongly averse to the French, avowing both by word and deed their sympathy for the fighting Romans, who, valiantly but vainly, fought the overwhelming forces of the French under the walls of the Eternal City.

Three years after Napoleon's overthrow of the Roman Republic came his coup d'état, and then the restoration of the empire, Mazziotti strongly defends both, maintaining that only through them did Louis Napoleon attain a position from which he could liberate Italy as he wished: "Therefore when Italian demagogues hurl imprecations at him as the 'Man of the Second of September" it is execrable blasphemy." We must admit that this rough statement rings true, for only as Emperor could Napoleon in 1859 have carried an apathetic France to war against Austria, and it was this campaign which, liberating Lombardy, proved to be the first great step toward Italian unity.

The statesmanship of Napoleon III in its generosity shows to best advantage in the early '60s, when notwithstanding the rapid strides made by Italy in the path of unification under the leadership of Piedmont and the House of Savoy, strides more rapid than he had contemplated or desired, he continued faithfully to ply the rôle of godfather to the Italian liberal movement. His historical enemies claim that he had demanded a high price for his services of 1859 and had been paid in full by Piedmont's cession of Nice and Savoy to France. It is true that the price was high, but France could hardly be expected to sacrifice 25,000 men and 500,000,000 francs without some compensation. And once the bill had been paid and the annexations made, she might in jealousy have left Italy to maintain her independent State alone as best she could. The latter's position was precarious, for Austria was only waiting for an occasion to return to the attack upon Italy and recover the territory she had lost. Napoleon alone stood in Austria's way—and he stood firmly. But he did more. He encouraged Italy to look forward to and prepare for a further step toward unity, namely, the redemption of Venice, which still remained under the tyrannical Government of Austria. This was the conduct of a friend, indeed.

Mazziotti brings all this out clearly, but he goes to an extreme in representing the Emperor's friendship as primarily disinterested. Certainly Napoleon III was by sentiment drawn to the Italians, the much oppressed people for whom he had attempted to fight in his youth, but the solid basis of his friendship for them lay in the interests of France, which coincided perfectly with those of Italy in one great design, namely, the destruction of Austrian power and influence in the Peninsula.

The weak point in the Italian policy of Napoleon III lay in his support of the Pope's temporal power in Rome, where thousands of French troops were quartered in defense of the Papal Government against Italian plans of aggression. Mazziotti puts up an able defense of the Emperor's conduct, urging with much justice that Catholic opinion in France, which was strongly set in favor of the Pope, left no alternative: "The recall of the imperial troops from Rome would have provoked an agitation in France sufficient to seriously imperil the Napoleonic dynasty." But we cannot agree with Mazziotti that the Emperor supported the Pope's Government with great reluctance. He knew that if the Italians could occupy Rome their position as an independent nation would be greatly strengthened, whereas the Pope's temporal sovereignty, so long as it remained fixed at Rome, in the heart of the Peninsula, gave the French the opportunity to meddle at will in the affairs of Italy. It was important to gain the Italians as allies, but was it well for France to have them too independent?

In 1867 Napoleon III sent his troops to stop the Garibaldian forces that were actually marching on Rome to overthrow the Papal Government. Public opinion in France compelled him to do so. At Mentana Garibaldians and imperial troops clashed in fierce conflict, an abundance of Italian blood was shed, and the carnage wiped out, as was to be expected, the gratitude which the Italians until then felt for the great services rendered them by the Emperor in the past. While it is difficult to see how Napoleon could have acted in a different manner in 1867, it is clear that the expedition of Mentana lost for him the only ally upon whom he could have counted three years later in the campaign that led him to Sedan.

American Statesmen as Party Leaders

***FOUR AMERICAN PARTY LEADERS.** By Charles E. Merriam. Illustrated by photographs. 104 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.*

PROFESSOR MERRIAM of the University of Chicago has been delivering lectures on the lives of Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, William Jennings Bryan and Woodrow Wilson before the students of Amherst and gathers the speeches permanently together here in a little book conveniently manufactured to fit into a pocket. Their attributes in common, he found, were courage, honesty and high ideals.

Lincoln he sets apart from the group, not so much for his acknowledged grandeur, but because he was of another and perhaps simpler generation. His problems, says Professor Merriam, were not those of the remaining three politicians under discussion. The author explains that Roosevelt, Bryan and Wilson belonged to a changing, growing America. The questions they were called upon to solve were different questions, more complex and varied.

He somewhat commiserates with Bryan. Lincoln, Roosevelt and Wilson all carried with them the prestige of a White House background, but in Bryan he sees a remarkable man who never held office except briefly, yet who kept himself well nigh constantly in the public eye for a generation. And he was blessed with a smile that defeat could not wither, and a great serenity. Roosevelt, of course, had many facets. He could speak at a chamber of commerce dinner or deliver the same address on the street corner and be cheered by both audiences. This adaptability was one of his strongest assets. Likewise, he was a past master at dramatic publicity and he knew expertly how to focus the limelight on himself. But his time and generation failed to honor him, Professor Merriam thinks, and he was looked upon more as a good fellow than a prophet by the man in the voting booth.

Professor Merriam is much surprised that Wilson did not enter the arena of politics earlier in life. What was he doing, he asks, shut away within the narrow boundaries of a college town for so many years? Compared with Bryan and Roosevelt, his span of public service was short, as was Lincoln's.

Professor Merriam is loath to criticize Lincoln. Broadly he accepts posterity's estimate of him without contradiction. No man in public life, he thinks, ever had such a firm hold on the people's affections.

A POET HEARS OF A COLLEAGUE

An Irish Immigrant Met Longfellow and Told Him: "I am happy to meet you, son. I have a brother who is also a poet and a drunkard."

Mr. Dell's "Mood of Playfulness" in "The Village"

***LOVE IN GREENWICH VILLAGE.** By Floyd Dell. 321 pp. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.*

WHETHER or not Mr. Floyd Dell is an important writer, he is, at least both indefatigable and versatile. He has tried his hand at almost everything—short plays, poetry, novels and literary history. In "Love in Greenwich Village," he turns to the short story; and we are not at all sure but that he has at last found his metier. There is much in the book to draw adverse criticism (the title, for one thing); but, as offsetting these, the short-story genre is so admirably adapted to talent of Dell's sort that it enables him to show pretty consistently at his best.

It is in the words "pretty consistently" that the gist of the matter lies. Lloyd Dell has always been possessed of a certain deftness of touch, of a more or less whimsical humor, of human enthusiasms and of a rather delicate perception of some of the finer gradations of emotion. It is in depicting such things that his talent lies. But he is absolutely incapable of sustained flight. It is inevitable, from the very nature of narrative expression, that the greater the length the more interstices there will be over which the reader must be tactfully led; and the skillful novelist or playwright so artfully fills these in that his reader or auditor is not aware that he has been duped into moving forward. Indeed, the test of a writer's achievement will (whether one likes it or not) rest very largely on his success in this particular, and for the wholely obvious reason that failure is disproportionately glaring. Mr. Dell has been singularly unfortunate in not being able to lure his reader past these interstices in his longer works; with fewer of them to present their obstacle in the short story, such faults as he commits become minimised, and the effect of the whole enhanced. Consequently, we are inclined to like these bits about Greenwich Village life.

Yet why continue to call it "Greenwich Village"? Historically, of course, that is the proper designation for what was formerly a self-governing community outside of New York, but has for very many years been an integral part of the city. But there is only one Greenwich Village; hence, by right of individuality it is *The* Village—as it itself insists.

And it is this individuality, or certain aspects of it, that Floyd Dell has caught and fixed. Writing of the first of the famous (to some notorious) Village dances, he says, "they were spontaneously joyous and deliberately beautiful—focusing in a mood of playfulness that passion for loveliness which had, after all, brought us to the Village." And if the preposition "in" be omitted, so that the line reads "focusing a mood of playfulness" it will with great accuracy sum up America's only Montmartre.

The stories contained in "Love in Greenwich Village" are eight in number, and several, if not all, have already appeared in one magazine or another. There are several bits of Mr. Dell's poetry scattered through the pages; and there is a joyful prose paean on the rise of the Village, and a mournful elegy on its decadence and fall. One gathers that *The* Village (do not, reader, neglect the italics) did not leap phenixlike from the ashes of mediocracy, until Mr. Dell arrived on the scene in 1913; indeed, he as much as tells us so, although it may have been merely synchronization of events and not casual sequence. Of course this Eden of hothouse theories and hothouse emotion could not remain unexploited. No sooner had the villagers flouted their individuality of manners and dress, and established their little theatres and their little restaurants, than base commercialism from uptown invaded and took possession of their lovely precincts. Hence, *The* Village is no more.

Floyd Dell has performed a useful service. The history of this sudden metamorphosis of a tract of brick and stone and asphalt pavement into the playground of Strephon and Chloe may, at best, be but a footnote. Yet it is always well to have the record complete. And if no actually great poet came out of Washington Square, and no truly towering painter arose in Fourth Street, there were several who almost succeeded either in poetry or in some other form of art. The Village was an experiment—an experiment, as Mr. Dell insists truly—conceived in joyousness and dedicated to beauty. Most of the talk—there was never such a place as the village for talk—was hot-air; and it took a good deal of artificial respiration to keep the god Eros capering. But this strangely naïve colony of men and women (young men and women) presented many humorous aspects, many pathetic aspects. There was much of true heroism—for what requires greater heroism than to have belief in and to pursue a dream? And there was limitless light and shade in the interplay of fact and fancy. Mr. Dell has reflected much of all this with delicacy and fidelity; and the book, although in every fundamental respect inconsequential, should prove highly entertaining to all but the ultra-serious.

CHASTENING IRONY

***THE BAKER'S CART.** By Gerald Bullett. 301 pp. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.*

TWO years ago Gerald Bullett delighted discriminating readers with his exquisite fantasy, "Mr. Godley Beside Himself." It was a book of loveliness and delightful humor, for in its narrative romance was wedded with humor. It marked Bullett as a novelist who definitely practiced the art of writing. It revealed a new writer with a delicate but resilient style, in whose expression there was also the gift of characterization. This talent for characterization found its realisation in the grotesque and fanciful, but it was a grotesqueness that impinged, for all its indirect approach, very really upon life.

This present collection of short stories is his third book to be published in these United States. It is quite apparent that the emotional gamut of Mr. Bullett avoids the precious, in its span from the quietism of the idyll to the exciting melodrama of terror. In "The Baker's Cart" there is this wide range of appeal. His explorations of the nuances of feeling seldom fail in their sensitive investigations to conclude with a chastening irony.

Several of his stories concern themselves with children, whose remote world, from that of the elder work-a-day life, he sets forth with rare insight. This realm of real make-believe he posits in sharp contrast against the affairs of parents, aunts and such folk. In this manner he potently set down the pain, lonesomeness, conceits, passions and disappointments of two alien worlds, who feel for each other, hurt each other, and are inarticulate. Little Harriet in "Summers End," after sharp words between father and son, finds the world bright and jolly, while brooding tragedy and far-reaching sad consequences rest heavily upon her cousin, Bert Growcock. A fine imagination works these subtle, yet simple tales.

Four other of these thirteen stories—"Three Sundays," "Simpson's Funeral," "Sunflower" and "The Baker's Cart"—relate the reverberations of domestic difficulties, with its disturbing influence and lasting impressions in the lives of young children. Here we have the intrusion of violence to shock, to stun and warp their natural natures. In "Simpson's Funeral" a daughter has, through the influence of her mother and relatives, looked upon her father, for whom she has an innate fondness, with indifference. Her mother and relatives thought him beneath her, a failure, who had spoiled her life, and the daughter had accepted this attitude. After the funeral it is discovered that Simpson had had the love and had provided for another woman. To the daughter, alone, does this discovery appear anything else than the final straw of Simpson's failure. Vaguely, she realized that her tired, haunted father had had love. Likewise, "Three Sundays," "Sunflower" and "The Baker's Cart" develop the psychic adventures of children, hinging on the destiny of those who protect them. To their innocence comes the note of terror and the inscrutable.

Since the publication of "The Grim Thirteen," that unique collection of superb short stories, whose originality had defeated them from magazine publication, by varying from sweetness and light and the standardised forms, there has hardly been a book of short stories to reach the sustained imagination of this new collection of Bullett's. His stories of the "Last Day of Binnacle," "Queer's Rival," "The Dark House" and "Prentice" are masterpieces of the macabre. These stories, however, are not keyed to the abnormal, nor given inhuman settings; they are full of awe and wonder, playing upon the adventures of attractive but otherwise normal people. In several the grotesque is achieved by merely turning the hum-drum inside out. But "The Dark House" is just another version of La Belle Dame Sans Merci. While his tale, "Attitudes," is youthful romance mocked rather charmingly by cynicism.

Books of good short stories frequently go begging. But the reader of taste who neglects this collection is going to miss some fascinating stories and excellent craft. They are arresting, provocative, cameo-like, brittle accounts of hurt sensibilities, odd characters and psychic adventures that contain many a dream of life bruising its glamour in the conflict with realities. These are tinctured romances bursting a gay bubble and finding that partial satisfaction which in the long run is the experience of so many of us. Yet they reflect in their precise way much that is refulgent in the good things of life, but behind the velvet of Bullett's graceful, deft style there is the steel of a rapier. His tales suggest that his next long narrative is to be awaited with something very much like impatience.

GLITTERING ARTIFICE

***ANGOLA: AN EASTERN TALE.** By Jacques-Rochette de la Morlère. Translated from the French by H. E. V. With an introduction by Augustus John. Eighteenth Century French Romances. Edited by Vyvyan Holland. London: Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 21s.*

FRANCE of the eighteenth century, particularly as it was reputed, to have been at the height of the reign of Louis XV, is evoked in the glittering artifice of "Angola: An Eastern Tale," by that arch-rogue, Jacques-Rochette de la Morlière. M. de la Morlière came to maturity in the notorious Paris of the Regency, and produced the only book which has survived him in 1746, fifteen years after the young and "well-beloved" monarch had attained to his majority and the actual control of France. "Angola" holds up an authentic mirror to the times, and it is just such a mirror, severe in outline and lavish in detail, serious in workmanship and incurably flippant in content, as the rococo taste of the period demanded.

The adventures of the youthful Prince Angola (which means "joyous") at the court of the fairy Scintilla, to which he has been conducted at the ripe age of 15 for the double purpose of evading the evil fate promised at his birth by the wicked fairy Mallison, and of acquiring worldly polish, are a progress in erotic sophistication. Angola learns how to bend the knee and turn on the fluent tear and the consumming sigh at the feet of all the gallant ladies of the palace, from Scintilla herself to the most recent lady-in-waiting. His only pre-occupation is to escape the destiny of falling seriously in love and remaining faithful to one person. It is not difficult to detect a satirical afterthought in that; the sole crime in the elegant Scintilla's court is to betray true emotion or to experience constancy of devotion. This is "provincial."

All Scintilla's influence does not avail to protect the susceptible youngster from falling deeply in love with the miniature of a princess who has been promised a similar terrible fate at her cradle. Luzéide herself is entrusted to Scintilla to be trained in the art of polished frivolity, of fashion in clothes and manner and comportment and even thought, and, above all, to be schooled against intensity of feeling. She and Angola are at once attracted, and their case is complicated by the infatuation of the powerful djinn, Makis, who has been "traveling to broaden his views" and is visiting Scintilla in the interests of improving his atrocious manners. Although Angola and Luzéide are at length married, the wicked djinn accomplishes his revenge in a manner which is peculiarly trying to Angola's vanity and Luzéide's peace of mind.

M. de la Morlière allusively ridicules the foibles in manners, letters and customs of his times. A chapter in a library enables him to pay off scores against his literary rivals; a reference to Angola in childhood provides an opportunity for flaying educational methods and the pretenses and fopperies of the tutors of the fashionable young of that period. The work, however, is entertainment pure and sample, and the satire is a sort of effervescence of the author's high spirits. An appreciative and stimulating introduction by Augustus John, which reveals that he can write as well as he can paint such sketches of life of M. de la Morlière as might have been led by one of the characters in the novels of that ribald Scot, his contemporary, Tobias Smollett. Me de la Morlière, as gambler, scholar, seducer, blackmailer, musketeer, dandy and elegant ruffian, is an epitome of the eighteenth century life, just as his book is a synthesis of its art. The translation is superb and the printing, paper, binding and general appearance are pleasing.

ALLAN QUATERMAIN AGAIN

***TREASURE OF THE LAKE.** By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.*

AFTER long wanderings among the ego and nymphomaniacs who people so much of our current fiction, it is something of a relief to find one's self once more in the company of that eminently sane gentleman, our old friend, Allan Quatermain. And with Allan we are glad to discover our other valued friend, Hans the Hottentot, that little yellow man whose views of what he called "The Place of Fires"—his synonymn for Heaven—were not

quite as orthodox as he thought them.

Needless to say, we accompany these two on one of their many journeyings among the wilds of Central South Africa, that wonderful Africa which "as a whole, from the beginning was and remains unknown." This time, as it chanced, certain reports, coming from various sources, had reached our friend Allan, reports concerning a distant region where dwelt strange tribes who dressed like Arabs and talked a kind of Arabic. Somewhere in the midst of their country, it was said, there was a "Holy Lake," called Mone, and in the centre of the lake an island, which was the dwelling place of the gods. Allan's curiosity was aroused, and he did not at all object when circumstances caused him to shift his course toward a place known as Kaneke-town, whose ruler and chief was an ex-slave, Kaneke, reputed to have come from the mysterious country around Lake Mone, whence he had been banished in his youth.

This latter report Allan presently discovered to be entirely correct. Kaneke did, indeed, come from the mysterious region of the still more mysterious lake. Moreover, he not only wanted to return there; he very much wanted the Lord Macumasahn, "Watcher-by-Night," as the natives called Allan, to go with him. Which Allan agreed to do, despite the fact that from the very first he disliked and distrusted Keneke. Their departure could not by any stretch of the imagination be called peaceful. But, of course, they did manage to get away at last, leaving various corpses behind them, and started on the journey which was to prove, not only strange and wonderful, but what Hans quite accurately termed spooky. It took them some time to reach the country of the Dabanda, as the people who dwelt about the lake were called, and at one time it seemed highly probable that they never would get there at all. For they were obliged to pass through the country of the Abanda, the hereditary foes of the Dabanda, who desired beyond all things to get possession of the priestess called the Engoi, or rather the Shadow of the Engoi, who dwelt on the island in the lake, and was known as the "Treasure of the Lake." This priestess was supposed to possess certain supernatural powers, to be able to bring rain or drought, and do various other wonderful things. These powers were handed down from mother to daughter, for the priestess was always wedded to some distinguished man, known as the "Shield of the Shadow," and this was the place Kaneke had been destined to fill. But when Allan and Hans rescued a white man, an Englishman, from death at the hands of the Abanda, he told them a tale of the beautiful priestess which was even more remarkable than those they had already heard.

In all this there is, it will be seen, no small resemblance to other of the Allan Quatermain stories, and especially to the tales called "The Ivory Child" and Allan and the Holy Flower." And one must admit, however reluctantly, that both are better stories than this new one. For though it has dramatic moments, and impressive scenes, though there are times when the author displays much of his old-time imaginative power, his gift for making the incredible seem, at least while one is reading the book, altogether credible, there are more loose ends, fewer notable descriptions and less ingenuity manifested in this volume than in most of the others.

ANOTHER DETECTIVE STORY

THE DOUBLE THIRTEEN. By Anthony Wynne. 319 pp. Philadelphia: The J. P. Lippincott Company. $2.

"THE Double Thirteen" is the average sort of detective story that avoids downright inanity and never strikes into the unusual. A testy critic would call it hollow, whereas a pleasant reviewer would dub it "good light entertainment."

Mr. Wynne's tale abounds in all the time-honored clues. Ciphers—true and false, shoelaces containing miniature scrolls, broken glass, smashed automobiles and a pile of old coins that furnish the key to the correct cipher—all of them come tumbling, one after the other. Dr. Eustace Hailey, amateur detective, has more fun than he has had since Mr. Wayne's last book. Dr. Hailey has a distinguishing idiosyncrasy, but as all amateur crime investigators, in fiction, have idiosyncrasies, it is not so distinguishing after all. The pet trick to which Dr. Hailey resorts in time of stress is—a pinch of snuff. Rare enough in these days. However, Nayland Smith of the Fu Manchu stories tugged at the lobe of his left ear.

The heroine of "The Double Thirteen," Olva Vorloff, is a beautiful, tragic-eyed Russian exiled with her patrician mother in England. The hero, Bob Barling, likes roast chicken the way they cook it at the Hotel Monopole, and now and then essays an epigram. He has an independent income, but is pretty stalwart for all that. Somewhere along page 317 he clasps hands with Olva and everything is all right, thanks to Dr. Hailey, who outdoes the combined brain power of Scotland Yard in clearing up the mystery. Incidentally, what would serve English writers of detective fiction if Scotland Yard went on strike?

ROMANCE IN CHINA

THE NUMBER ONE BOY. By John Trattner Foote. 237 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.75.

MR. FOOTE has the story-teller's gift; he makes one feel that he is merely passing on in writing the facts of a yarn that he has run across and that seems to him worth repeating. The simplicity and directness of his style make his story immediately convincing, and one is constantly drawn on by a feeling that the author is really interested in what he is saying. So well is the story constructed that the reader is never conscious of the author's artistry. One is surprised to find suddenly that one is reading in the most matter-of-fact way of hypnotism, of the transmission of souls, and of various manifestations of Eastern mysticism, as though such things were of every-day occurrence. "The Number One Boy" is a tale of three Americans who are caught in China during the Boxer Rebellion; it is interestingly conceived and skillfully constructed.

The mystic quality that runs so convincingly through the book starts in a rather matter-of-fact way when James Calthrope Lee, aged 7, is visited by the ghost of his grandfather the night after the latter's death. As James is a rather nervous and high-strung youngster, and as he was forced against his will to see his grandfather's corpse, it seems only natural that he should have such a vision. As James grows up and goes to West Point, his only abnormality seems to be his aversion to girls, to whom he is most attractive. By the time of the Boxer Rebellion he has become a First Lieutenant in the infantry, and he is a member of the force of American soldiers sent in to quell the disorder.

As James, with his command, is fighting his way into Peking, he discovers a squad of German soldiers who are looting a Chinese temple. He makes the Germans return the loot to the head priest, and as he does so he discovers the presence of an American girl in the temple. It now develops that when he saw his grandfather's ghost, the ghost showed him the girl whom he was eventually to marry. Before entering Peking Jimmy had never seen the girl except in visions. The girl in the temple is one for whom he has been searching the world. It would be unfair to the reader to disclose further the intricacies of the plot, but suffice it to say that the rest of the story is an intriguing combination of the matter of fact and the mystic. The Chinese priest, out of gratitude to James, puts some of his psychic power to use in an attempt to straighten out a most complicated situation that develops.

Mr. Foote has produced an entertaining yarn that should find many readers.

LIFE OF A HEAD-WAITER

ADAM'S BREED. By Radclyffe Hall. 370 pp. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.50.

WITH "Adam's Breed" the head-waiter comes, if not into his literary own, at least somewhat into prominence. Miss Hall tells here the life story, literally from birth to death, of Gian-Luca, by blood, Italian; by birth, English; by profession, a waiter. The early part of his history is set in a small Italian quarter of London, whose inhabitants are closely bound by nationality and customs—culinary customs most of all; people who have come to England for the making of money, who thrive on English guineas, but who remain steadfastly loyal to Italy. Of them all, only Pedro, Gian-Luca's grandfather, had become naturalized, and he only because it was "good for business."

Gian-Luca himself was born without a name, his mother dying at his birth with the secret of his father's identity unrevealed. His boyhood was strange and not altogether happy; his grandmother, whom he adored, was cold to him because her daughter had died in giving him birth; and for the same reason she was no longer a believer in the Church. He had no mother's love, no religion, no nationality; he was sent to the board school instead of the sisters' school, and ignored by his companions as an "Eye-talian." True, the people of the quarter loved him, but Gian-Luca was sensitive and intelligent enough to perceive a difference somewhere. And when he was old enough to work he chose to be a waiter rather than to remain in his grandfather's shop.

His rise as a waiter is by all odds the most original and interesting part of the book. He was a born waiter. "his smile was enough to turn sour cream to sweet, and his wonderful eyes when they rested upon you would convince you that old cat was chicken." From a little Italian restaurant he rose to one of the most fashionable, and certainly the best run restaurant in London—the Doric. Its proprietor, the very well-etched Millo, was a philosopher about his business and a tyrant in it. Under him Gian-Luca slowly rose to be head waiter of the whole establishment, marvelously efficient, doing the work of ten when the war came. For the war did not get him, who could have no nationality, until conscription; and then it made him a mess sergeant.

Afterward Gian-Luca was not the same. The perfect waiter, the perfect automaton, developed a soul. His secret scorn for those he served turned to pity. The sight of food gradually made him sick. He left the Doric, he went to Italy, he sat home thinking; it was no good. An agnostic by circumstance, he was groping after God. He had to leave his wife and go into the solitude of the New Forest to contemplate his inner spirit. When he finally found the dream of peace it was also the dream of death. He had starved himself and been exposed to the elements too long.

"Adam's Breed" is a very unusual story, exhibiting a definite talent, but compounded, too, of weakness, of artistic mismanagement, of sentimentality. Success is mixed with failure; for every virtue there is a defect, for every well-done page a poor one. The first part of the book moves along with a great deal of interest, with the ability to create character and give piquancy to a career neglected in literature. Somehow, though the reverse might superficially seem to be true, the perfect

(Continued on Page 17)

Modern Technique in a Medieval Chinese "Thriller"

THE BREEZE IN THE MOONLIGHT. The Second Book of Genius. Translated from the Chinese by George Soulie de Morant and done into English by H. Bedford-Jones. 371 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"How detestable is that rascal! He shall not escape me."

"You may not let him escape, but you cannot stop him!"

"No matter. I have a plan to crush him!"

If you do not know what the plan was, you need only read the following chapter to find everything explained.

THIS chapter-ending does not occur, as might at first seem plausible, in "Dave Porter at Oak Hall" or "Nugget Nell, the Waif of the Ranges"; nor is it the conclusion of the latest section of a continue-in-our-next adventure story in "Snappiest Yarns." It is from "The Breeze in the Moonlight," an anonymous romance published in China toward the end of the fourteenth century A. D. There is not a word in it which could offend the public of Harold Bell Wright; not an incident in which virtue is not threatened but remains intact; not a character who is not as synthetic as any of those dictated by the public taste at its worst.

It deals with medieval Shantung and Chi-li, where men were men and women were excessively pure. The hero is a notable young man named Pure Jade Iron, whose father was an Imperial Censor. Pure Jade was given to rescuing damsels in distress and then scrupulously refraining from the rewards which generally are supposed to await the successful knight errant. He was well brought up. The quiet influence of his family, from the little village of Ta-Ming in the Province of Chi-li, kept Pure Jade straight. And, of course, virtue brought its own reward to its possessor—the simple-minded country boy who went to the metropolis.

While passing through Shantung, Pure Jade chanced to rescue a maiden named Icy Heart Waser from the machinations of some foul villains named Kouo and Invader. Icy Water's father, a Minister of State, had been exiled to the frontier following the defeat of General Reo Siao. Her uncle, Invader, planned to seize the General's property by marrying his niece off to Kouo. The latter's father was an Academician of great influence at the capital. The Prefect and the Judges were squared, and Icy Heart had only her nimble wit to save herself from what was even then "worse than death." Pure Jade's intervention thwarted Kouo's success. In revenge the latter had the knight errant poisoned, and Icy Heart took him into her own home and nursed him back to health. This was a scandalous violation of the Rites, which made marriage between the two impossible. Of course, they loved each other passionately and, of course, they refrained from the slightest action which might not have been witnessed by the entire world.

Pure Jade returned to the capital, where he discovered that General Reo Siao was about to be executed. Much impressed with the General's martial appearance he offered his own life as pledge that Reo Siao would defeat the enemy. The General, who had been the victim of a clique of scheming officers, goes out and wins a great victory, which results in the return of Minister Water to his daughter and Pure Jade's own promotion. The latter is now an Eminent Man, an Admitted Savant and a Special Auditor to the Forest of Brushes. His happiness is crowned when his parents compel him, against his scruples, to marry Icy Heart.

But is he happy? Not yet. There were those nights he spent in her house, and scandalous tongues have been wagging. He therefore leaves his wife in the house of his father-in-law. Soon Kouo shows his hand; the Great Guardian Tseou, learning that the marriage had not been consummated, seeks to compel Pure Jade to marry his daughter and even imprisons him in her bedroom. Pure Jade remains pure. His friend, the General, returns from the front and rescues the beleaguered Galahad. So there is a second marriage ceremony and he brings his wife home. But is he happy? Not yet.

Tan-You, the Spy.

From "The Breeze in the Moonlight."

Kouo's machinations interest Wan-wu, the Censor, who orders the marriage dissolved on the ground that it is contra bonos mores. The whole affair is brought to the attention of the Emperor himself, who orders a thorough investigation. Dossiers and depositions are filed, and Pure Jade presents himself before the Son of Heaven with his wife.

The Emperor rejoiced in his heart at the comeliness and fine bearing of the young man.

"Was it not you," he asked, "who forced an entry into the Forbidden Palace to save a ravished bride?"

"It was your humble subject," replied Pure Jade.

"Was it not again you who served as surety for Reo Sino?"

"It was your humble subject."

"In these two cases you showed a rare audacity and an intelligence truly praisable. But most marvelous of all is your conduct in resting five nights under the same roof as Icy Heart without attempting to outrage her. Is this actually so?"

"It is exact. But my conduct is quite ordinary. The Rites thus ordain."

Well, the Emperor, like most of his subjects, seems to have been from Missouri so far as Pure Jade's conduct is concerned, so Icy Heart is sent behind the scenes. It is a tense moment. If the marriage had been consummated, what hope for the lovers? The entire court waits.

A little time after, two of the Guardians returned and said:

"Our Mother received the order. She has had Icy Heart examined by three matrons in succession, and these have declared her a maid. Our Mother, joyous, has detained her to be served with tea."

Triumphant tableau, followed by awards to the good and condign punishment to the bad. And then, we regret to say, there comes an ending which can be only described as "The Final Clinch." It is the third and last wedding night; instead of riding out together into the sunset, they are escorted to the nuptial couch and the curtain is deliberately drawn about

the young man comely as fine jade, the young girl pure as a flower, who were there hidden, heaped with glory, united in joy.

It is with malice prepense that Mr. Bedford-Jones presents this Chinese dime novel. He observes acidly that, "stripped to its bare bones, it would fit admirably as the vehicle for a present-day thriller. Climaxes, chapter-curtains—all settle into the rules of construction laid down by those who tell us 'how to write'." A translation of a translation makes no especial pretense to scholarship. The fun of the thing is what appeals to the translator of this "Second Book of Genius." His spirit is admirably illustrated by his knack of translating the poetry with which the Chinese story is interlarded into Gilbertian light verse. But, when all is said and done, one has a good deal of sympathy with the Emperor who ordered the decapitation in 1662 of the editor-publisher, Tsin Cheng-tran, who was responsible for including this saccharine story among the great works of Chinese literary genius. "The Breeze in the Moonlight" is a piece of popular fiction, whose only present merit is its reminder that there is nothing new under the sun and that heroes and heroines could be just as false to life in ancient Shantung and the public taste as hopelessly mid-Victorian as they are today in any popular magazine.

America's "Egypt" in the Maya Cities of Yucatan

Three Books Which Demonstrate the Widening Range of Our Interest in the Past

THE CITY OF THE SACRED WELL. By T. A. Willard. 293 pp. New York and London: The Century Company. $4.

MYSTERY CITIES. By Thomas Gann. 252 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

MAYA ARCHITECTURE. By George Oakley Totten. 250 pp. Washington, D. C.: The Maya Press.

By GREGORY MASON

ALL the world loves a lover because all the world loves any kind of an enthusiast. To each of these three authors archaeology is an enthusiasm taken up apart from his professional line. Dr. Gann was originally a medical man, Mr. Totten is still an architect and Mr. Willard, I believe, a business man.

The simultaneous appearance of these three rather different books all aimed at the popular reading public is an earnest that at long last we Americans are about to take an appropriate interest in a native civilization which was in some respects higher than the culture represented by the Spanish Conquerors who gave it the coup de grace. Heaven be praised! That mysterious being, the "man on the street," is beginning to nibble at two rather important facts, namely; first, that all traces of important ancient civilizations are not confined to the Roman Forum, the Athenian Acropolis and the Tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen, and, second, that among such vestiges of ancient grandeur left in our own hemisphere those of the artistic Mayas of Central America greatly excel those of the militaristic Aztecs of upland Mexico.

Mr. Willard's book is the story of the lifelong labors of Edward Herbert Thompson at Chichen Itza, "The City of the Sacred Well." "Don Eduardo," as Mr. Thompson is affectionately called, has written a good deal in his time, but he has never written his autobiography. In describing Mr. Thompson's work at Chichen Itza, Mr. Willard is virtually writing a biography, for the chief dreams of the explorer have centered about this finest of Maya cities in Yucatan and the three greatest works of Thompson's career have been accomplished there. These are the finding of a stone with a date corresponding to 600 A. D., the discovery of the Tomb of the High Priest, and the discovery of human bones and incalculable archaeological treasure in the so-called sacred well, or cenote, proving that this pool had been used for human sacrifice.

Mr. Thompson is a raconteur of the highest order, and, although Mr. Willard proves himself to be a writer who can handle such a dry subject as archaeology with genuine feeling, he does well to quote Don Eduardo often and fully. Here is the exciting moment when Thompson comes upon a huge stone covered with inscriptions. Was it the stone book? I cast aside all philosophic calmness and dropped to my knees, clawing away with my bare hands at the débris which obscured the inscriptions until my nails were broken and my fingers bleeding.

Here, indeed, was the Huun-tunich, the Stone Book, the Rosetta Stone of my ancient, lovely and forgotten City of the Sacred Well! I am not ashamed of the fever of excitement which possessed me and communicated itself to my wondering Indians, who had not the slightest idea why the mad white man should become so wrought up over the finding of merely another stone with queer writings on it. But, then, what matter! White men are always a little insane, anyway, and one never knows what folly they will attempt next.

With sharpened twigs I cleaned out all the incised lines, until the inscription on the exposed face stood forth clearly. Not till then did I attempt to read it. And there, among the glyphs I could not at once decipher, my eye caught a date-sign fairly jumping out to meet me. Cycle Ten, Katun Two, Tun Nine, Uinal One—in other words, 600 A. D.!

The comparing of this inscribed rock to the Rosetta Stone is characteristic of Mr. Thompson. Just this sort of thing has brought him some rather harsh criticism and some very warm friendship. Obviously, his enthusiasm is leading him into an exaggeration here, for his Chichen Itza Stone was carved in but one language and has not been the means of the decipherment of the Maya glyphs. His very evident warmth of feeling is engaging, however, and makes him loved by all who do not put a rather pedagogic regard for literalness above enthusiasm for the work at hand.

If ever a man has made his dreams come true, Don Eduardo is that man. For years Mr. Thompson speculated on the veracity of the hint of an old native tradition that one of the two great sunken pools at Chichen Itza had been used for human sacrifice. He talked about dredging this sinister deep until many of his friends, says he, began to think him a little "queer." But at last the money was raised and he went to work, first dredging the pool with a bucket worked by a derrick and then exploring its depths in a diver's suit. He found ornaments of jade, gold and other valuable minerals galore, which are now in the Peabody Museum of Harvard. Bones and other gruesome evidence confirmed his theory that sacred maidens had been thrown into this pool to propitiate the ancient God of Rain. Last, but by no means least, he discovered several small, hard, copper-bronze chisels. This find settles a long standing archaeological controversy, for until now many scientists have contended that the Mayas had no metal tools. Mr. Willard still leans toward that theory, however, to the extent of remarking that probably such copper chisels "were but little used" and he quotes the early Spanish Bishop of Yucatan, Diego de Landa, to the effect that the Mayas, "not having metals * * * found in the earth flint with which they made * * * their lances * * * and the knives for sacrifice."

Not every reader of Mr. Willard's book will accept Mr. Thompson's belief that Chichen Itza was the very fount and centre of the cult of Kukulcan, the feathered-serpent god. But he will enjoy Mr. Thompson's stories and narrated Maya folklore, as well as the really delightful feeling which both Mr. Willard and his archaeological mentor, Don Eduardo, have for the beauties of American antiquity in Yucatan.

Dr. Gann seems to line up with those who believe that the ancient Indians had the bow as well as the spear. Much the most interesting part of his book deals with the customs of both the ancient and modern Indians. That is to say, Dr. Gann, the ethnologist, is perhaps the superior of Dr. Gann, the archaeologist.

The chapters in which he deals with excavation at Lubaantun and other ruins will probably be found pretty dull going by the lay reader. He has not yet succeeded in writing a very easily readable book, albeit he has come nearer the mark than he did in his last attempt, the volume called "In an Unknown Land." Dr. Gann's earlier writings made no attempt to appeal to any but scientific readers, yet in such of them as his treatise on the Santa Cruz Indians, published by the Smithsonian Institution some years ago, he managed to put quite a fund of human interest. The trouble with his popular books is that he writes with virtually no form or style, reciting incident after incident without much proportion and letting many of his chapters merely stop instead of ending. This is too bad, for he is a shrewd observer of human nature and has a delightful dry wit, of which the following excerpt is an example (he is speaking of the native superstition that the painted stucco of the ruins when mixed with water is a remedy for almost any illness):

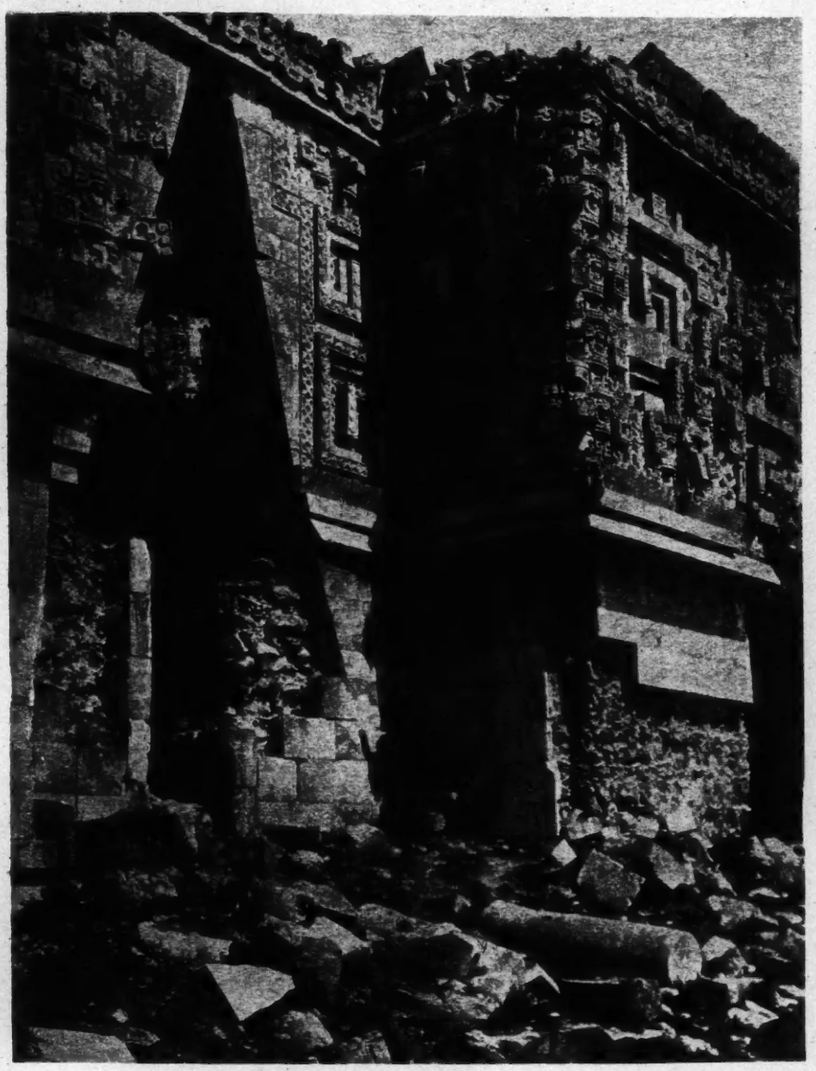
> * * * at Corozal, during the night, the whole side of a painted stucco wall, upon which was inscribed a Maya date, and which I had exposed within a large mound that day, was torn down, broken into pieces, and carried away by old women to grind into powder and sell as medicine, thus not only robbing me of my priceless painted stucco, but practicing medicine without a license, and so depriving me of my patients, who at the best of times had but slight confidence in European medical procedure.

The most interesting as well as the most significant features of this volume are the descriptions of native rites such as the Devil Dance and the Cortez Dance, which have come down from ancient times. There is pathos in the spectacle of this degenerate and soon-to-be extinct remnant of Indian culture keeping alive a dramatization of the conquering of the ancient Americans by the invaders from Europe. And there is importance to the ethnologist in this evidence of connection between the present natives of Central America and the builders of the cities now in ruins.

A truly splendid pictorial review of those ruins is the chief feature of Mr. Totten's very handsome work. Many of his photographs are culled from previous collections of other students of the Mayas, but he has chosen wisely and his original contributions are arresting, particularly his reconstruction of some of the finer pieces of Maya architecture and sculpture. Several of these reproductions are in color. Of this work Edward Herbert Thompson's expert testimony is quoted to the effect that the coloring of these drawings is "as accurate as one can hope to make them." Mr. Totten's useful and condensed textual "accompaniment" of the pictures is unfortunately marred by many typographical errors and some regrettable mistakes in nomenclature. But on the whole this work can be very highly recommended to the layman who would acquire a painless introduction to the beauties of the Maya civilization.

As for the discerning scientist, he already knows that such books as these by Dr. Gann, Mr. Totten and Mr. Willard beget that popular interest on which he must ultimately depend for support. He will utter a devout "amen" to Mr. Willard's closing observation:

> As antiquarian thirst grows—as it surely must, for few things in the world contain a deeper human interest than antiquity—attention will certainly turn more and more to the still unsolved mystery of ancient American and, particularly, Mayan culture. Instead of one great scientific exploration there will be scores. Each of the ruined cities is worthy of research. There are magnificent temples to be restored; priceless finds to be bared, and that vexing riddle to be completely solved—the clear reading of the Maya glyphs.
>
> And with all of this must come inevitably the tourist to a new and delightful land, and through him will grow a new and keener appreciation of America.



Palace of the Governor.

From "Maya Architecture."

Five Hundred Famous Women

FAMOUS WOMEN. An Outline of Feminine Achievement Through the Ages, With Life Stories of Five Hundred Noted Women. By Joseph Adelman. Illustrated. 338 pp. New York: Ellis M. Lonow Company. $2.50.

A HANDY reference book of no small value, Mr. Adelman's volume of brief biographies is the outcome of much patient labor in the collecting, selection and arrangement of his material. The five hundred and more women who are represented in it have all been chosen because of definite and important achievement of some sort which made them personages of consequence in their own time and of influence upon later ages. Those still living have been selected because of their interest to their contemporaries and the value of their contributions to civilization. The arrangement of the biographies is chronological and the comprehensiveness of the content is individual if one looks at the opening names of Semiramis, Helen of Troy and Bathsheba and then turns to the closing pages and finds there the biographies of Pavlowa, Winifred Holt and Mary Pickford. The classified index separates the contents into sections, the first dealing with the biographies of Empresses and Queens, the second with social leaders and historic personages, the third with reformers and philanthropists, followed by heroines and martyrs, and these by educators and progressives. The names of scientists, physicians and explorers fill half a page, while by far the longest list of all, that of authors, fills two pages. The short collection of names of artists extends from those of Italian and Dutch painters of the seventeenth century to the sculptors and painters of our own time. Singers and composers and actresses and dancers complete this classified index. In his introduction the author makes a rapid survey of the progress of women through twenty-five centuries, while at the end of the volume there is a short article outlining the history of the struggle for woman suffrage and a paragraph on professional women in this country.

Snobbish Gossip and Tasty Tittle-Tattle Of the Mid-Victorian Age

Charles Dickens at Rehearsal.

From Some Victorian Men, Written and Illustrated by Harry Furniss, John Lane and Bodley Head, Ltd. Dodd, Mead, N. Y.

THE LETTERS AND MEMOIRS OF SIR WILLIAM HARDMAN, M. A., F. R. G. S. Annotated and edited by S. M. Ellis, author of "George Meredith," "Ainsworth and His Friends," &c. With fifteen illustrations, 286 pp. New York: The George H. Doran Company.

WE have met Sir William Hardman, the mid-Victorian gossip, before; but a second instalment of his correspondence is none the less welcome. Utterly undistinguished, a well-to-do civil servant and magistrate, fond of wining and dining, though his stomach seems to have given out on him early, with no literary judgments worth mentioning, but the friend of a good many literary and near-literary men, of unblemished morals but with a keen relish for the seamy side of life, what we get from him better than from many more illustrious men is the whole Victorian attitude to life and its problems when England was truly insular, when the abundance of the industrial harvest planted a century ago hid the tares amid the wheat, when Continental politics were a play in which Englishmen might pick their favorites, applauding and hissing at will with complete detachment, when the court, the peerage, the Established Church and Parliament were institutions so inaccessible to change or harm that, like the pre-Reformation Church, it was permissible to laugh quite freely at the follies and weaknesses of their human side with no taint of disloyalty or languid faith. It was a happy era, and a society that has the alternative of solving the problems bequeathed to it or perishing with them may well look back upon it with a wistful regret.

Hardest of all, perhaps, to believe, it was a generation from which, politically speaking, America was counted out. In the budget of news which Hardman collected to send out to far Australia month by month the great war then raging in West Virginia and Pennsylvania takes its turn with court chit-chat, bullfights and Sunday visits to the Zoological Gardens as a rather deplorable but not unlaughable military spectacle conducted by rival companies of amateurs. Hardman's favorite troupe, naturally, is the "Cavalier" South.

> The news from Yankeeland [he writes some time in May, 1863] is again rather exciting. General Hooker has made a desperate attempt to invade the Confederate States, cross the Rappahannock and seize Richmond. Stonewall Jackson and Lee have fallen on him and utterly polished him off, so far as we know at present. We hope—I need not say what we hope. If Hooker has been thoroughly well whipped, there is just a chance of the termination of hostilities; but I confess I do not anticipate peace in the Disunited States until President Lincoln re-retires from office. I am inclined to think that if McClellan had, when at the head of the army, seized the reins of government, ousted Lincoln and all his vile lot from Washington, and raised the standard of "military glory" as opposed to that of "army contracting jobs," he might have rallied all the best men around him, and possibly saved the Union.

It is a little hard to understand now the hatred felt by the English governing caste for Lincoln, a man of whom so little can have been known personally in Britain. Perhaps it was an affair of class—or an instance of how swiftly an obscure name suddenly upon all lips is erected into a symbol. At any rate, Hardman shared it to the full.

> "That Presidential ape and Yankee idiotic buffoon, Abe Lincoln," he writes genially in October of the same year, "has actually fixed on a day to be set apart [in November] for a General Thanksgiving to the Almighty for the victories vouchsafed to the Federal arms. What a profane joke!"

Nor was radical Meredith Hardman's chosen spirit among the literati one whit behind his Tory friend in his detestation of the North and its leaders, political and military. Writing anonymously for the Tory Ipswich Gazette, which had bought his pen at the time, the author of the "Egotist" asks: "Alas! with a President who cannot write grammar, and Generals who lie to the public and snarl among themselves, and who all turn tail to the foe, what can the North do but be abject and ask for a master?" An obscure Secretary at the American chancellery, one Henry Adams, was, we feel sure, reading these effusions with a kindling eye.

One fact that emerges clearly from Sir William Hardman's frank letters overseas is a renewed conviction that Victorian reality and the Victorian legend were two very different things. It is by now no secret that the Queen Mother, the "good fairy" of the British Empire, went through a period of pretty acute disfavor with the classes and that the apotheosis which overtook her during the frenzy of the 1887 and 1897 jubilees was the result of mass enthusiasm working on much less temperate material. No doubt much of the criticism came from the widowed Queen's grief for her consort, judged excessive and somehow "un-English" by native stolidity. Hardman—no mean Rabelaisian himself—relates a rather surprising pleasantry uttered by Thackeray at the expense of the Albert memorials that were going up in all directions during the '60s and '70s. "Thackeray's conversation, I should tell you, is decidedly loose."

But at the time Hardman was writing there was also already a tradition of royal avarice. A letter sent in June, 1863, to Australia gives what he judges a typical instance of royal jobbery in the purchase of the land on which the last international exhibition had stood. "Court influence was very strong, for Prince Albert had speculated largely in land in the Brompton vicinity, and the Queen is very anxious that the nation should make the Exhibition a permanent centre of attraction for builders. As I think I told you in a former letter, the Prince left the Queen savings and accumulations to the amount of one million for her life. * * *"

Hardman's strictures are mild beside a letter penned eleven years before by Lady Bulwer Lytton on the acceptance by royalty of a bequest of half a million pounds by a half-crazed miser, who left relatives in poverty. "Only to think of a madman of the name of Nield dying and leaving all his poor relations starving, while he bequeaths half a million to notre ladre reine." Even today it is as well not to strip the French veil which the angry peeress threw over the last phrase.

Hardman's literary relationships are a little difficult to trace. Much of his gossip is given upon the authority of Shirley Brooks, a popular and now forgotten man of letters, at one time editor of Punch. The month after his report of Thackeray's disloyal pleasantry he has to record the sudden and unlooked-for death of the great satirist.

> It was only in my last letter that I was telling you some of his jokes, and I stated that he was a fearful sufferer from stricture, and, I might have added, disease of the kidneys. You will see that his death was caused by effusion on the brain and not by the malady which for years rendered his existence a burden.

In a later letter some grisly "gossip about poor old Thackeray" (he had all the appearance of age at 52) is appended.

> The papers say he died peaceably and his corpse was calm. Poor fellow! I regret to contradict this on the authority of Leech [the Punch artist], who, living near, was the first person sent for by the family. The features were much distorted and discolored by the bursting of the blood vessel, of course. Moreover, both arms were bent, the hands clutching at the collar of his night-shirt, and were so rigidly fixed that he was buried in that position.

A further story that Thackeray's table habits in later years had been intemperate is also given on "good authority," which the Victorian correspondent does not further specify.

The domestic affairs of Thackeray's great rival, Charles Dickens (the two shook hands after a quarrel only a fortnight before the former's death) were much on Hardman's mind at one time or another, probably from the fact that the great humorist's first wife was a friend of the family.

> On my right at dinner [the letter is of May 15, 1863,] sat Mrs. C. Dickens, the wife from whom the great Charles has so shamefully separated ("discharged with a good character," as Shirley Brooks says of her), and who is a very agreeable lady, and, although a grandmother, still not an "old" person.

A more pointed remark occurs in a letter of a year later. "Poor Mrs. Charles Dickens is in great grief at the loss of her second son, Walter Landor Dickens, who has died with his regiment in India of 'aneurism of the heart' [follows a typical Hardmanian comment upon the probable cause of death]. Her grief is much enhanced by the fact that her husband has not taken any notice of the event to her, either by letter or otherwise. If anything were wanting to sink Charles Dickens to the lowest depth of my esteem, this fills up the measure of his iniquity. * * * As a writer I admire him, &c."

Hardman's great favorite among literary men (the two were "Robin" and "Friar Tuck" to each other) was George Meredith. It is easy to understand the mutual attraction. Both were hedonists and skeptics in religion, both were "out-of-door" men, with a keen relish for tramping and climbing, open air and open water. Both were monogamous by instinct, but had that relish for the slightly improper which must have made holidays on the Continent such an unconscionable lark to men of the mid-nineteenth century. And Meredith's academic radicalism can have given little offense to the sturdy Tory who ransomed his respect for institutions by gossip and funny stories about the men who ran them. Here are the views, private and personal, of the great feminist champion as conveyed in a letter to his friend, Bonaparte Wyse:

> Women can occasionally be fine creatures, if they fall into good hands. Physically they neighbor the vegetable and morally the animal creation: and they are, therefore, chemically good for man. * * * I respect many. I dislike none. I trust not to love one.

Hardman's letters are interesting human documents. They do not show that the Victorian age had its seamy side, for that every one knows already. But they do show that the augurs who were concerned in keeping up its prim façade enjoyed many a mutual wink behind its altars. A relaxation which no humane mind will begrudge them.

Peaks, Passes and Valleys of the Canadian Rockies

THE GLITTERING MOUNTAINS OF CANADA. By Thorington J. Monroe. 310 pp. Illustrated. Philadelphia: John W. Lee. $4.50.

INTENSIVE exploration has left so few virgin fields to the modern traveler that one is prone to assume that opportunities for original research no longer exist, and hence that the characteristic pioneer spirit of our forefathers is doomed to disappear for very lack of fresh fields of enterprise. When reflections such as these obtrude themselves, the appearance of such a book as "The Glittering Mountains of Canada" is apt to refute one's misgivings and hearten one as to the future.

Here we have a record of travel and investigation undertaken by a member of the American Alpine Club who devoted three Summer vacations to the exploration of the peaks, passes and valleys of the Canadian Rockies. While this book will make its strongest appeal to those who follow mountaineering as a sport, the sustained interest of the narrative, the vivid description of sublime aspects of nature and the historic data assembled relating to the early journeys of the fur traders—all lift the work above the level of the conventional book of travel and assure it a place in the literature of Canadian exploration. When we recall that the main physical features of the regions covered by the author in his expeditions have been known to numbers of British, Canadian and American alpinists during the last twenty-five years, it is encouraging to find that he and his associates were able to make so many first ascents and solve so many problems in the comparatively accessible districts adjacent to the lines of the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National Railways. All of which goes to show that our northern neighbor presents fields of effort for the aspiring alpinist which no one generation of mountaineers can exhaust.

The initial chapters are concerned with Lake Louise, the entrance to the northland—a mountain tarn beloved alike by transcontinental "trippers" and by serious mountaineers undertaking climbs in its vicinity. In company with Mr. Howard Palmer, an examination of the Freshfield group and the conquest of Mount Barnard, its loftiest peak, claimed attention in the Summer of 1922. On this journey, scientific investigation went hand in hand with sport as is witnessed by Mr. Palmer's paper on the "Freshfield Glacier," published by the Smithsonian Institution.

The following Summer found the author again in the field devoting his energies to the peaks of the great Columbia snowfield. The first ascent of the North Twin (12,085 feet), the third in altitude in the Canadian Rockies, seems to have presented no mountaineering difficulties per se; but must have been a supreme test of endurance for the author and his companions, Dr. William S. Ladd and the guide, Conrad Kain, who marched twelve miles over the snow to reach their objective and were twenty-three hours in the field.

Turning to the extensive mountainous area embraced in Jasper National Park, the author put in a strenuous season climbing in the Athabasca Pass region, exploring the peaks of the Ramparts near the source of the Whirlpool River and ending up with a "try" at Mount Robson.

From his extensive study of the journals of the fur traders and missionaries, who used the Athabasca Pass as a route to the Pacific in the early part of the last century, the author is able to present a vivid picture of the trials and struggles of the officers and voyageurs of these companies who contributed so great a share to the opening up of the great Northwest. Likewise he makes his contribution to the endless discussion regarding the identity of Mounts Brown and Hooker near Athabasca Pass—peaks which enjoyed undeserved pre-eminence for many years owing to the extravagant estimate of their heights made by David Douglas, the Scotch botanist, and other early travelers. The author and his two companions, while in the vicinity, made the first ascent of the peak now designated as Mount Hooker (10,782 feet). As illustrating the controlling influence of weather on a pioneer ascent in a little-known country, and as demonstrating how experienced alpinists in good training can extricate themselves from a difficult situation, we commend the narrative of the Mount Hooker climb.

The spirited word pictures of the author, who has an observant eye for aspects of nature in the wilderness, is admirably supplemented by numerous photographs and a number of excellent panoramas.

Author of "Vanity Fair," From the Maclise Portrait Gallery.

Benjamin de Casseres as a Press Agent for Parnassus

His Prospectus for a New Olympus Suggests Renaming The Planet in Honor of Shakespeare

FORTY IMMORTALS. By Benjamin de Casseres. 371 pp. New York: Joseph Lawrens. $3.50.

THERE were many gods—there was but one Jove. There are many critics—there is but one Benjamin de Casseres. Jove's favorite pastime was to launch thunderbolts upon the world; and de Casseres's pet amusement is not dissimilar. Yet metaphors and similes fail; de Casseres is not destructive. On the contrary. In "Forty Immortals," his latest book to issue from the press, de Casseres comes nearer to achieving the purpose of that illusive occupation known as constructive criticism than anybody else we can call to mind. If there be a reader who can go through "Forty Immortals" from cover to cover and not grant more of what is printed therein it can only be because there is no tinder in him to catch fire from the author's spark.

Did we say spark? It was an inadvertence; Mr. de Casseres lets loose nothing less in each case than a completely consuming conflagration in which all minor critics and all faltering criticism are swept away. Every one is familiar with the ancient quip about the man who, on being accused of arguing, informed his hearers that he wasn't arguing with them—he was telling them. And "telling them" is the de Casseres method. Those who do not like it are free to step outside; but for those who do not object (provided they have stout ear drums) there is no end of amusement in store. There is profit also. For although de Casseres's attitude of press agent to the Olympians, his insistence on playing Barnum to the Parnassians, evokes guffaws, the mental calibre of the man is not to be gainsaid. He hates cant and hypocrisy with all the intensity with which the Puritans hated the devil; he despises mumbling and shuffling; he has but one desire, and that is to strip away every insulating and confining wrapping that obscures the soul, that we may see it as it is. Of Nietzsche he says: "The greatest psychologist the world has ever known, he cut away the mask that every instinct wears, and showed us the soul of the world." It is our impression that de Casseres—in "Forty Immortals" at least—is seeking to apply something of the Nietzschean method in criticism, and if it is a method that crossly errs on the score of excess, surely no question can be raised on the score of honesty of intention.

Mr. de Casseres cannot be accused of lack of catholicity in compiling his roll of honor; neither geographical boundaries nor chronological considerations hem him in. His immortals come from England and from France, from Italy and Scandinavia and America. As to time, he leaps from Shakespeare to Cabell. His Americans, besides James Branch Cabell, are Edgar Saltus, Thoreau, Emerson, Whitman, Hawthorne and Poe. He does not include the ancients, that is to say, de Casseres does not devote himself to individual studies of the classical writers; but in the course of his various sketches he makes constant reference to the ancients. In other words, he takes them for granted, and his reader's knowledge of them for granted; and not a little of the significance of his conclusions will be lost if their importance in his background be minimized.

Obviously, even if the de Casseres method of writing did not, by reason of its similarity to machine-gun firing, make impossible adequate summary of the contents of "Forty Immortals," the discursiveness of the roster would. In addition to the names already recorded his Titans of literature are: Maeterlinck, Thomas Hardy, Spinoza, Arthur Symons, Victor Hugo, William Blake, Jules de Gaultier, Remy de Gourmont, d'Annunzio, Richard Jefferies, Jules Laforgue, Balzac, Shelley, Baudelaire, Lord Dunsany, Anatole France, Ibsen, Strindberg, Marinetti, Gustave le Bon, Max Stirner, Leconte de Lisle, de Maupassant, Stendhal, Flaubert, Amiel, Emile Tardieu, Verlaine and Rousseau. Perhaps not all will agree that each and every one of these was a Titan, and it must be admitted that some of the juxtapositions are, on their face, a trifle puzzling.

Yet if we consider the descendants of the Titans, if, in particular, we consider Prometheus, the puzzle resolves itself instantly. Each and every one whom de Casseres has admitted to his company of immortals had (or has) a vulture tearing at his entrails. The ability, the demonstrated ability, to rise spiritually above the rock to which one is chained and to damn (always, of course, spiritually) the vulture fastened upon one, is (for a hasty snatch at a formula) the de Casseres test of immortality. And perhaps it is the ultimate test, in fact. Surely it was the test of Socrates and Plato and Christ. The only point of issue would be—to prove that the victim really was chained, that it was genuinely a vulture and that spiritually the victim did rise above his condition and did spiritually soar. Whether or not de Casseres has in all cases demonstrated his theorem will have to be left to the individual reader, for the reason already stated, but his success in some instances can at least be indicated.

There is no unanswerable argument for beginning with any one of the forty immortals rather than another, yet perhaps the study of Spinoza, especially the opening paragraph, has a double importance which makes it valuable. Writes de Casseres:

> I partake of the blood and the brain and apocalyptic vision of Spinoza. Our ancestor-souls were twinborn. We were inviolate One before chaos. We were root and branch of the tree Ygdrasil and shoot from its highermost branches. We were a single undimensional atom in the eye of Brahma. We looked into the face of the I Am from Horeb with Moses. We were nailed to cross on Calvary and feasted on our dream at Weimar. * * * For where the infinite is, there is Spinoza.

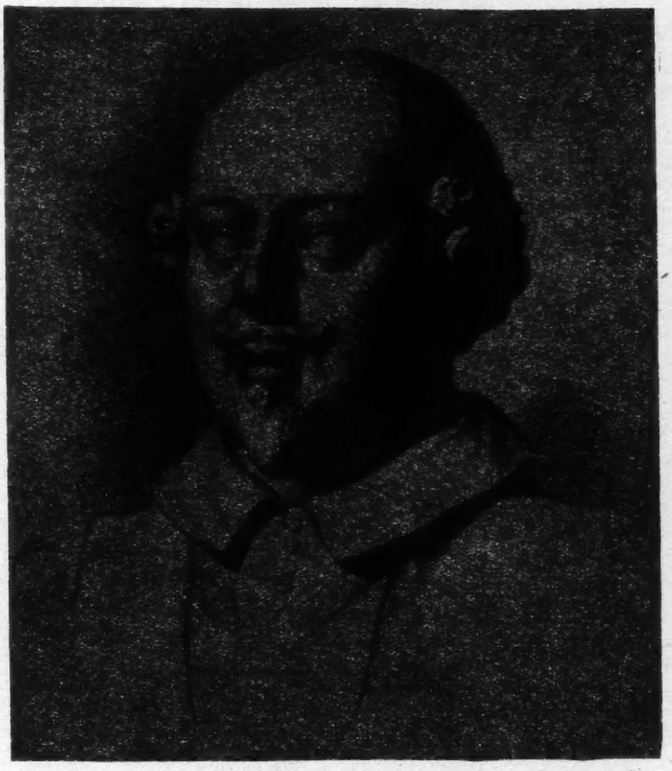
Very much this sort of thinking and writing was current in this country about the middle of the nineteenth century; and the name given to it was Transcendentalism. A deal of de Casseres's criticism might fittingly be called Transcendental. And it is his point that a reader does not properly apprehend a writer unless he, the reader, comes into spiritual accord with him. Nevertheless, not always is Mr. de Casseres quite so rhapsodical as in the Spinoza essay. In the study of Thomas Hardy—incidentally one of the best in the book—he becomes in places fairly specific. Of "The Dynasts" he says that Hardy "utters not only the final wisdom that is in him, but the final wisdom of all time." Matter, mind and life are, for de Casseres, diaphanous; hence, we get from Hardy "that sense of the unreality of life, that feeling of perpetual hallucination, deception, cozening and somnambulism."

What, more than anything else, lures de Casseres in Hardy is, however, the novelist's stupendous power of irony. Irony is, according to the author of the "Immortals," the logic of contradictions, "the third eye of the brain."

> Among all the novelists of the age [the writer] Thomas Hardy is the supreme ironist. He ranks with Turgenev and Flaubert. His irony is the irony of the authors of "Oedipus Rex" and "Ghosts." It is implacable, as insistent as death and godless. Yet at the last, it is with the great Turgenev that Thomas Hardy will stand when the history of the literature of the age is written.

And why? Because both have dreamed Schopenhauer into their characters, and (the truest criticism of both likely to be found in one line) "both have crushed their creations with feathers."

On another side, the side of his mysticism, de Casseres links Hardy with Maeterlinck. With both, he finds the backgrounds to be immeasurable, and against these backgrounds, a canvas of both the visible and the invisible world, the characters stand out.



William Shakespeare.

Engraved by E. Scriven. Drawn by Mr. John Boaden from the Stratford Bust.

All the characters in the plays of Maeterlinck and the novels of Hardy are marionettes gliding over the thin spread of consciousness which cut the Unknown like a chain of fireflies at the summit of the night. Each one walks in an aura of darkness, sinisterly luminous.

Whether this will seem to most readers as sound as his words on Hardy's irony is somewhat doubtful. To most readers the characters of Hardy's novels have a personality bordering on the concrete; they seem far more living than the personages who pass, not infrequently mumbling and stumbling across the only half-dramatic stage set for them by Maeterlinck. De Casseres, despite his reading of philosophy, seems to have made the common confusion between the mysterious and the mystic; and that he has been guilty of this confusion is borne out by the following passage:

> For it is the supreme magic of Thomas Hardy that he conveys the abstract through the concrete, makes us feel the mysterious in the folds of the known, and puts a ghost at the very centre of the familiar.

Yet we must not linger longer over de Casseres and Hardy, except to state, without comment, that he considers Hardy to occupy "in modern imaginative literature the same place that Sophocles does in dramatic literature," and to add one or two words on his understanding, his very keen understanding of Hardy's women characters. His women, says de Casseres, admitting that they are the mere playthings of fate, cannot be cut from the pages of the novels they inhabit and be considered as isolated personages. And this is true. Is it evidence of strength or weakness on the part of Thomas Hardy?

It would not do to pass over de Casseres's Americans, and rather than take Poe, or Emerson or Hawthorne, rather than take Whitman even, about each of whom volumes have been written, it would seem pertinent to consider his treatment of Cabell, his contemporary, whom he considers "a great American literary genius." And why?

The answer will be found in the opening line of the essay: "The ironic-romantic imagination is the rarest thing in literature. It is Puck flying across the universe on the wings of Lucifer. Or it may be Hamlet at Gethsemane." And James Branch Cabell possesses above everything else this "ironic-romantic imagination." Moreover, Mr. Cabell—and this is of mighty appeal to de Casseres—has followed the lead of his romantic and ironic demon without regard to the public.

> Cabell [writes de Casseres] is a protest. He may be the beginning of a great reaction in our mode of looking at things. There is soil at hand, for we are not a materialistic people. We are the only people who ever made a superb romance of money getting. We make a colossal fiction of all we do. We are romantic money-makers, romantic spenders, romantic wasters.

Hence, and we find Cabell's creed (according to de Casseres) in the book "Beyond Life," men only welcome truth (American men) when it comes to them "as a gorgeous lie." And there lies the irony. We find it in "Beyond Life," more especially we find it in "Jurgen." But Cabell is not more ironic than is de Casseres when writing of Cabell, as these brief excerpts have abundantly shown. "Jurgen" says de Casseres, "never lost his return ticket to earth." Nor has the author of "Forty Immortals" lost his.

If we are attempting to depict de Casseres as well as give some slight notion of his critical position as revealed in the present book, it would scarcely do to pass over his most rhapsodical of essays, the one on Shakespeare. Of course, it might be argued that even more has been written about Shakespeare than about the American writers excluded above; but we have a different purpose here. We shall not follow the essay in detail, merely content ourself with tearing a passage out of the midsection.

> In the womb of his brain every day was a ninth month. Greater than the creative imagination we know nothing, and Shakespeare was the spectroscope to which all rays converged. * * * Shakespeare is the supreme artist of all time because we learn only two things from his pages, the eternality of Beauty and the sublime nothingness of man. The great Shuttle weaves and we are woven of it—cotton, yarn and sunbeams, rainbow strands, and dirty catgut. * * * Art and morality are antithetical terms. Art's god is Beauty. Morality's god is God, which may mean anything or nothing. Art sings in the empyrean. Morality intones its jeremiads in cesspools. Art is an eye. Morality is a nose. * * * All the planets are named for a god except the one we live on. The earth should be renamed Shakespeare.

That this is de Casseres, not at his best but at his worst, need hardly be said; it is evident on the face. And this is the danger to which such a mind as that of Benjamin de Casseres is forever exposed. It energizes at such a terrific heat, it exercises at such a terrific pace, that every now and again it either consumes itself or trips itself up. We would rather turn from such striving for effect (after all, it is a dangerous matter to eulogize Shakespeare) to such a final piece of psychologizing as de Casseres does on Guy de Maupassant. Here again a passage will be torn out.

> With a diabolical prankishness he liked to peer at the people at play, at work, at prayers; dissect their virtues, which he knew to be masks for their sinister lusts; wonder at their clinging to life like soft mud to a cart's wheel—even though the wheel and its endless gyrations flattened them to ooze still they rebelled not! He wondered at that great policeman of the people whom they called God, with his Scotland Yard methods and Puck-like pranks. De Maupassant's contempts were built up of impotent rage and a consciousness of his own transcendent vision. * * * De Maupassant realized the beautiful through the evil in him.

As stated at the outset, there is but one Benjamin de Casseres. And he is perhaps the one living wonder of the literary world. It is fortunate that such an one must be born, that he cannot be made; especially that he cannot be imitated, for if every one wrote like de Casseres readers would go mad. That he can keep in any semblance of thought-order such whirls of words is something to marvel at. Yet to read him once, twice, is to experience the greatest mental exhilaration. It is only because, in his wildest flights, he keeps tight hold on his return ticket to earth that he does not pop off into extra-stellar space, to be heard and seen no more. Words are able servants, but dangerous masters; and that entire school, from Nietzsche down to de Casseres, comes near to being overpowered by its slaves. Little Miss Nathalia Crane, who has shown unwonted talent for one of tender years, has already been overpowered, and she will have a hard time in later life regaining the mastery. De Casseres might well be held up to her as the horrible example. And de Casseres, should he ever arrive at that unhappy (or, perhaps happy) state known as second childhood, will, we fear, be Nathalia Crane. But as we like them both we insist on hoping for the best. Especially we like de Casseres.

Fifteen Pharaohs Restored to Life

Mrs. Brunton's Portraits of Egypt's Kings and Queens Are Remarkable Contributions to History and Art

KINGS AND QUEENS OF ANCIENT EGYPT. Portraits by Winifred Brunton. History by Eminent Egyptologists. Foreword by Professor J. H. Breasted. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

By P. W. WILSON

THIS sumptuous volume may be described as the family album of some ancient Pharaohs. The fifteen portraits, praised by Professor Breasted and other "eminent Egyptologists," can only be appreciated in their colors, delicate yet radiant, but our reproductions show that Mrs. Brunton has achieved what hitherto no artist has dared to attempt. She has raised the dead.

Professor Breasted is one who holds that Egypt for the Egyptians need not deny an Egypt to the Egyptologists. And the plea was backed by Mr. Rockefeller to the tune of $10,000,000. Yet even Professor Breasted has found that his Pharaohs are "monotonously alike." Only "now and then" did a monarch attain to "a certain degree of individuality." We who sometimes yawn in museums are thus excused. For Professor Breasted, consumed by enthusiasm, has also yawned.

Why are these interminable dynasties of the dead so dull? They built vast pyramids. They erected colossal statues. They constructed mammoth temples. They indulged in mystery and magic. And yet somehow, few if any of them, amuse us as we are amused by Marie Antoinette or the Emperor Nero.

Professor Breasted points out that it was publicity which failed the Pharaohs. "Probably," says he, "there never was an ancient land in which historiography was so weak as in Egypt." What Professor Breasted means by historiography is what the cub reporter calls human interest. And the trouble with the Pharaohs was that they needed writing up. They recognized that their fame would "perish unless it was perpetuated in records." But somehow the columnists of Karnack, while they carved indelibly, lacked the snap and pep of columnists who are syndicated in our own day.

Why Pharoah should be forgotten while every boy and girl knows all about a wandering sheik called Jacob is a phenomenon to which Terence Gray furnishes perhaps the clue. Of Jacob, as he bargained with his brother Esau for his birthright, anybody could say anything that he liked. But "in Egypt," writes Mr. Gray, "the king was a god"—literally a god—not "a Roman Emperor," not "a Teutonic chieftain," but the Divine Being Himself. To write freely of a Pharaoh was thus not only lèse majesté but blasphemy. It was not sedition; it was atheism. And the truth about the Pharaohs was thus censored at once by their authority and by the reverence in which they were held.

As a man to be understood, Pharaoh thus disappeared. He emerged from oblivion only as an idol to be worshiped. And of idols it has been written that they have mouths but they speak not, hands but they handle not and feet but they do not walk. Just as in a stained glass window the saint is transformed into a symbol of piety, so has Pharaoh been transformed by sculpture into a symbol of power.

It is to this situation that Mrs. Brunton applied her art. The statues of the Pharaohs may have been formal, but, at least, they were contemporary. And the formality, when studied by a woman's eye, proved to be apparent rather than real. Take the little statue of Queen Tetisheri, to be found in the British Museum. The arms of the lady are held as rigid as the mighty muscles of Rameses II himself. Her feet are pedestals, planted firmly on the kingdom which she rules. But her face and form are her own fascinating self. In mind, the sculptor was a worshiper of deity, in eye he was an artist discerning life. And on his masterpiece Mrs. Brunton has concentrated her own creative vision. She has brooded over the portraiture of the girl until, once more, the eye of the Queen sees, her ear hears and the warm blood flows through her veins.

Not for the first time is the Sphinx today uncovered and his vast paws boldly displayed. Mr. Terence Gray assumes that the face represents Khafra, son of Khufu, who built the great Pyramid. There have been other readings of the riddle, but it is on this theory that Mrs. Brunton has proceeded. And astonishing has been the result. The face of the Sphinx is by far the largest portrait ever executed. Here we have the face reduced to a few square inches. Yet the miniature is as impressive as the magnitude. To quote Mr. Terence Gray:

> His calm unconscious unapproachable dignity is that of a man so unassailably exalted that the greatest of his subjects could only approach his presence on his belly and with head bowed down to the earth.

We agree that "the insight and inspiration" of Mrs. Brunton has revealed "one for whom there could not exist the temptation or possibility of weakness." We have infallibility itself in "those majestic features and calm dreamy eyes."

If Pharaoh was god, the reason, writes Professor Margaret Murray, was that he "was in his own estimation and in that of his people, the offspring of a human mother and a divine father." Indeed, so subordinate was the human father that succession went by the mother and the heir frequently married his half-sister. Hence, says Mr. Terence Gray, "the royal family was subjected to a process of inbreeding more intense than is anything that is known today, even among animals—outside the scientific laboratory." Qualities were thus refined to their essence; which qualities being originally exalted, "we have before us a series of the noblest and most vital human faces that history has left on our hands." The Pharaoh was an aristocrat, comparable with "a thoroughbred race horse."

That certainly is the impression produced by most, if not quite all of these portraits. The faces differ. But they are faces illumined by mind. The question will always be whether that mind is wholly Pharaoh's or, in part, Mrs. Brunton's. She would have us give the benefit of the doubt to the kings and queens. But, if these kings and queens have been born again, we think that once more the succession is by the woman and that the genius which inspires her has in it a touch of the divine.

We agree, then, with Mr. Terence Gray that Mrs. Brunton's achievement marks an epoch. It is a challenge to the modern belief in art for art's sake, the belief "that the subject matter of a picture is of no importance." In these pictures, Art is the handmaid of history. And the dye of the artist has been as a lens of the camera, focused on every detail of ornament, of costume, of feature, of narrative, of anatomy, of psychology, of religion and of politics. Where available, the mummy itself has been studied; and with startling success. The portraits of Seti I and of Ramesis II are veritable resurrection.

There are the aesthetes who tell us that Art cannot become a handmaid without stepping down from her throne. It is a faith contrary to our own. Art, like Life itself, stoops to conquer. The greatest art is the servant of all. And if Mrs. Brunton's art is as great as we believe it to be, it is because she has ministered to history. In obedience to the past, she has attained to beauty.

Mr. Terence Gray is quite right when he says that here is "the art of the Renaissance." The treasures of Egypt have affected Mrs. Brunton precisely as the treasures of Constantinople affected the generations which included Holbein.

The vital and essential features of a human personality were seized and registered on canvas or in stone in the fullest and most intense manner in the artist's power so that not some passing mood nor fleeting impression was left, but a representation of an aspect of his very soul, the vital essence of the man himself, that which differentiated him basically from his fellow-men.

That Mrs. Brunton's art is great because she has found an objective, not in herself but beyond herself, must be the verdict. These portraits are a triumph, not of conservatism, but of the eternal. And yet there is the question whether they are to be regarded as evidence or imagination. Did or did not Amenemhat III have a black complexion? And is Mrs. Brunton certain of the double chin which she confers on Thothmes III? Science reconstructs an entire anatomy out of the bone of a little finger. But is such fancy permissible to a serious artist? In Egypt, where bodies were so skillfully embalmed, there may have been, as in Chicago, surgeons of the countenance.

Moreover, the fact that you realize Pharaoh should not mean that you idealize him. So fond of their Pharaohs are Mrs. Brunton and her distinguished sponsors that they write of these monarchs as if wisdom and justice had died with the Twelfth Dynasty. Mr. Terence Gray wishes us seriously to believe that the pyramids were erected by willing men, who, with the Nile at low water, were out of work and regarded this labor as an unemployment dole. It is not the account given by Herodotus, who says that the work went on all the year round. And, in any event, "this magnificent achievement embodying all the science, the art and the grandiose spirit of this early age," so far as being "a monument to the very real greatness of these kings," is a monument to the economic folly and administrative cruelty of educated wisdom, when raised to supreme power over the destinies of a suffering nation.

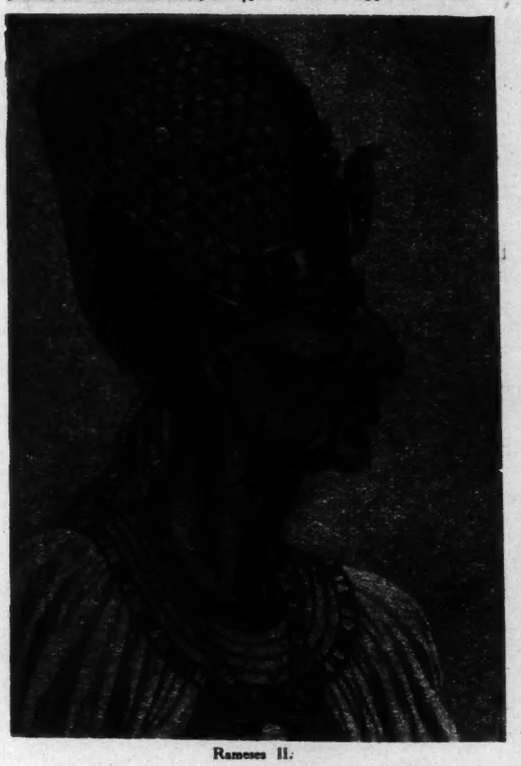
There were two ways of developing ideal man. The Pharaohs treated the problem precisely as Luther Burbank treated botany. To produce the one perfect specimen they were ready to destroy a million living entities. The specimen never was perfect. Dynasties rose only in order to decay. As the blood became blue, it ceased to be red. And there came a day when the subjects of Pharaoh themselves could not endure his lash any longer. "Out of Egypt I have called my son."

We agree with Mr. Terence Gray that, in Mrs. Brunton's masterpieces, "there is nothing of the commonplace and insignificant." But if he means that the commonplace and insignificant are avoided by Mrs. Brunton because she has painted the kings and queens of Egypt instead of the peasants and slaves, we disagree. The Pharaohs were no less common and unclean than the people whom, as a rule, they misgoverned. In any event, they aroused so little gratitude that they were no sooner dead than their loyal subjects proceeded to rob their tombs.

They who abide by the proverb that every nation has the government which it deserves have thus to explain why the Egyptians, capable of the culture apparent in the Pharaohs, yet continued for 1,000 years

(Continued on Page 21)

Thothmes III.



Rameses II.

The Illustrations on This Page Are From Kings and Queens of Ancient Egypt. Portraits by Winifred Brunton.

Queen Nefertete.

"DEATH OF THE STRONG WICKED MAN."

From "William Blake," Twelve Designs for "The Grave," by Robert Blair. Now First Separately Printed From the Original Plates in the Possession of an American Collector. (The Phoenix Press.)

Two English Biographies of Pushkin and Gogol

PUSHKIN. By Prince D. S. Mirsky. With a portrait. The Republic of Letters Series. 266 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

GOGOL. By Janko Lavrin. With a portrait. The Republic of Letters Series. 263 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

By ALEXANDER I. NAZAROFF

ENGLISH literature has hitherto been remarkably and conspicuously poor in biographic and critical works on Russia's greatest national poet and on Russia's great satirical romantic prose writer. The two volumes here under review are practically the first books to fill this gap. As such they are certainly welcome and they deserve our sympathetic attention.

This applies especially to Prince D. S. Mirsky's book on Pushkin. It is undoubtedly a valuable and a highly scholarly work, a whole encyclopedia on Pushkin.

Indeed, all that could be said on Pushkin is to be found in this scholarly book, so much so, indeed, that it begins to resemble at times a series of well-written footnotes which, forgetting themselves with pedantic aggressiveness, have outgrown their legitimate proportions. All that could be said on Pushkin is there; but should all this be said to an English-speaking reader who has hitherto known but very little about Pushkin? Should the reader not be treated in a more gentle manner?

It is a pity, indeed, that Prince Mirsky should have let himself be carried away by that avalanche of details, for he does possess a great deal of refined taste and an undeniable gift of lucid, concise and keen characterization. True and vivid is the portrait he draws of the nineteen-year-old Pushkin, who, between bacchanals and orgies, constant scandals and frequent duels, had succeeded in evolving "that beautiful verse and diction which is his alone, which we recognize without failure by the way it feels on the tongue, by its taste. For purity and flexibility, ease and elegance there is nothing like it in Russian, and it is there in 1818." Good are also the pages in which the author tells us how the boy matured into the man during his "exile" by Emperor Alexander I to the then exotic South Russia and how he fell there in love with two women at once (not to speak of fleeting minor romances)—with the charming, elegant and aloof Countess Elizabeth Vorontzoff and with the lascivious and mysterious Amalia Riznich, to whom he had dedicated a short lyrical poem of unsurpassed beauty (Prince Mirsky is right when he says that to approach it with translation would be a sacrilege). Here, however, the reviewer would like to dust off a little inaccuracy: It is not at all certain that Pushkin was successful in his love for Amalia. Contrary to Prince Mirsky's assertion, there is still a question to the poet's biographers. Yet, on the whole, all is well here, and the portrait of Pushkin, of the sunny and unique Pushkin, is accurate and vivid so long as it is not drowned in details, so long as it is not pushed into the background by a too elaborate description of the background, so long as characterization does not pass into enumeration.

Equally convincing is the chapter dedicated to Evgeni Onegin, the novel in verse, parts of which at least every cultured Russian knows by heart and which is perhaps Pushkin's masterpiece. Here, Prince Mirsky tells us, the poet had risen to the pinnacle of his art. The novel "bubbles and plays like a fountain in the sun," sparkles like "a newly uncorked champagne bottle"—so effortless, so spontaneous, so divinely light in its progress. Prince Mirsky's appreciation of the historical rôle of this novel is also correct:

> The eighth chapter of "Onegin" [he says] left a profound impress on the subsequent destinies of Russian literature. Of all Pushkin's situations, the parting of Onegin and Tatiana is the one that bore the most abundant posthumous fruit. It is the egg out of which Turgenev hatched all his endings, and its progeny can be traced through the whole of Russian narrative literature of the nineteenth century.

Perhaps the last chapters are not so satisfactory as the rest of the book. Not that facts quoted in them by Prince Mirsky are not sufficiently accurate—of such primitive blunders his scholarly work is entirely, or almost entirely, free. But sometimes the light in which they are shown is not the unblended light of history. Why does Prince Mirsky think, for instance, that Pushkin's religiousness, which had replaced in the years of maturity his boyish "atheism," was not a true religiousness but simply a respectful pose? Does this supposition harmonize with the character of the poet, so candid, so manly, so sincere, so lucidly outspoken? Why does Prince Mirsky assert that Emperor Nicholas I's friendship for Pushkin was a mere screen shielding a cold, secret dislike? Indeed, is our author not misled here by some of Pushkin's biographers, such as the highly authoritative but, unfortunately, politically biased P. E. Schyogolev? For in these chapters he often seems to select facts instead of starting them, to make facts speak out his one-sided opinion instead of letting them speak for themselves.

Yet, in spite of these shortcomings, we should be thankful to Prince Mirsky for his book on Pushkin, for this little encyclopedia of Pushkin. Pushkin is that unrivaled sun to whom gravitate, and will always gravitate, all Russian literature and culture. For his name symbolizes to Russia that almost fabulous Golden Age of beauty which is symbolized to Italy by Dante, to Germany by Goethe, to England by Shakespeare and which, by a mysterious law of history, seems never to descend upon a nation more than once.

Mr. Janko Lavrin's book on Gogol is a work of altogether different nature. This author does not succumb to the temptation of erudite details, just the contrary; the reader of his book, especially of its first chapters, is often disappointed by the dearth of biographic facts on Gogol, of descriptions of his environment, &c. But, if this work is at times poor in facts, it is certainly rich in psychological speculations and expeditions. For such is the temptation to which Mr. Lavrin does succumb. These expeditions land for the most part in inoffensive (and unnecessary) commonplace sayings; but sometimes they lead the author to far-off countries which it would be much safer not to approach. Speaking, for instance, of the "Viy," one of Gogol's early romanticist Ukranian stories, he asserts that Viy, an ugly, fantastic goblin, is the personification of "subconscious fears and terrors of Gogol himself—terrors and fears connected with his abnormal erotic habits." God preserve us from such "psychological depths." "Abnormal erotic habits." But there is not a single allusion to any such thing in the whole story! No, Freudianism is certainly a plague, especially when it is home-brewed Freudianism.

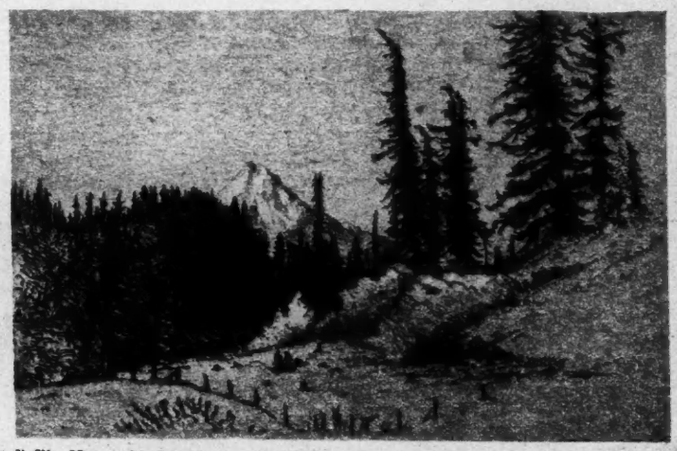
On the whole, however, Mr. Lavrin's characteristic of Gogol is accurate and readable. The mania for psychological discovery often loosens its grip on him, and his narrative becomes unsophisticated and amusing. Since we have just spoken of Pushkin, let us quote the parallel Mr. Lavrin draws between him and Gogol.

> • • • We find in him [in Gogol] an artist utterly unlike Pushkin—that bright, affirmative genius of Russian literature. Contrary to him Gogol sees above all the negative side of life. While Pushkin creates through expansion in the world he loves, Gogol can create only through reaction against that reality which makes him hate and suffer. • • • Pushkin's strength lies in the sense of proportion, that of Gogol very often in the absence of all measure and proportion.

Indeed, this supreme master of exaggeration and of caricature—at first of merry and humorous caricature and later on of tragical, though laughing, satire—looked, himself, like a caricature: pale and sickly, with an enormously long nose, with comical, carefully clipped whiskers, with a disproportionately large over-starched collar, obstinate, conceited and uncommunicative, yet sometimes brilliantly humorous, he was all out of measure and proportion and resembled a strange hero emerging from the pages of one of his own works.

Why Men Have Always Respected the Snake

In "The Worship of Nature," Sir James Frazer Adds New Leaves to "The Golden Bough."



Mount Hood, Oregon. By George F. Plowman.

The Illustrations on This Page Are From "Fine Prints of the Year 1925." (Helton Truscott Smith.)

THE WORSHIP OF NATURE. By Sir James Frazer, F. R. S., Vol. I. 8vo. New York. The Macmillan Company. $4.

By CHARLES de KAY

EARLY in the Sixteenth century a priest named Olaus Store, otherwise Olaus Magnus, who became titular Archbishop of Ursala, having been exiled by Protestants from Sweden, set himself the task of telling the literati of Europe all about the northern nations, and in especial about Sweden and Norway. He was so impolite as to liken Martin Luther to a fabulous monster, called the szaboar. Of course he was profuse as to snakes, notwithstanding the fact that Scandinavia is rather weak on serpents—though stronger than Ireland and Iceland; but if you heed him, especially if you consult the delicious woodcuts of the first Venice edition of his *magnum opus* in Italian [1565] you will be surprised to find the hyperboreans, so to speak, flooded by swarms of serpents atrocious as to poison [which they eject copiously from a distance] and sometimes portentous as to size. For instance, the rocky coast of Norway harbored a dragon that gulped down men and cattle, and when these gave out turned its attention to the sea and made it hot for Krakens, whales and what Victor Hugo called *pieuvres*.

This curious detestation, fear and dread respect for snakes which obtain today, and appear in the bestiaries and medical books during the Middle Ages receive further illuminative rays in the new volume by Sir James George Frazer, who has contributed so much to our knowledge of the mentality of nations, past and present, through his famous compilation "The Golden Bough." Here be additional reports on the beliefs and superstitions of pagans of old and many living now in Africa and India. It rises from a series of lectures and is called "The Worship of Nature," a comprehensive title; but since it is Volume One and carries no index, we may expect more anon from this indefatigable collector of the weird and well-nigh unbelievable.

The volume is not a treatise on the worship of snakes alone; far from it. Attention is drawn to the poor, abused snake because Sir James has brought out a very singular fact that goes somewhat toward explaining the background for that baffling story in Genesis concerning Eve and the Serpent; also why the traits of wisdom and long life, if not of immortality was given by the ancients to one of the humblest and most useful and most harried forms of life. Incidentally may be recalled the presence of serpents in temples at Athens and elsewhere which were honestly believed to feed on consecrated cakes and honey, when, as a matter of course, they really subsisted on the rats and mice assembled by the waste of food offered in sacrifices.

At bottom of this apparently universal consideration given the snake lies the odd fact that it sheds its skin. Thereby it renews its youth and strength: *Ergo* it does not die. Various bits of folklore culled from Africa show how men have tried to explain the fact of death. The Ruler of the world had vouchsafed to man the grant of immortality, but the latter had to do what the snake does, skin himself alive-o, the result being a renewal of youth, even as the eagles. In various ways the act is frustrated and the snake triumphs. Hence envy and wrath and the warfare between man and the serpent. The moon also, observed the man of old, skins itself every now and then, yet always successfully and like the snake comes out with added strength and more brilliant hues. That is why the luminary is allied to the serpent. At some remote period Pallas Athene seems to have been a night demon to whom owls and serpents were natural adjuncts, for she harbored snakes in her fane and bore them in the aegis on her bosom. Of course the death-dealing virus of certain snakes has added to the old grudge, which is still so virulent among our so-called cultured folk that millions of educated people not only shudder at a harmless garter-snake but refuse to eat the eel—merely because it looks like a snake!

Near Lake Tanganyika are tribes who say that God came down from on high and asked: "Who among you wishes not to die?" Men and animals were asleep. The serpent alone was awake and answered, "I!"

The story in Genesis appears to be, so far as time is concerned, a later one, in which the serpent already immortal in his own way, tries to prevent the continuance of human life by leading Adam and Eve into disobedience, thus causing their ejection from the land of immortality. All this is treated more at large in this author's "Folk Lore in the Old Testament." What is remarkable is the existence of ideas of the kind among people who know nothing of the Bible. Thus primitive tribes, watching the snake shed its skin, seem to have imbibed in pristine epochs an envy and hatred of the snake as the possessor of the treasure they all craved in vain; wherefore they destroyed the luckless creatures wherever they met them, excepting such as were kept in or about shrines and temples because of religious awe. Cruelty to the snake was not merely condoned among Christians but justified by that legend of Paradise so often delightfully, naïvely portrayed in the arts of the Middle Ages. This truly diabolical treatment of snakes has in later times analogies with still existing taboos on horseflesh and pork among our intellectuals.

If in the story [remarks Sir James] the serpent deprives man of the boon of immortality, we may surmise that in the original form of the tale the wily creature always did this for the purpose of appropriating to himself the blessing of which he robbed mankind; so that the story regularly aimed at beginning the cause both of the real mortality of men and the supposed immortality of serpents. In the biblical version the story has apparently been mutilated, and thereby rendered unintelligible, by the omission of one-half of the tale, namely, that which explained the supposed immortality of the serpent.

Of the "Worship of Natives" five chapters are allotted to gods of the sky, six to demons and gods of the earth and five to the worshipers of the sun. That appears to take in pretty much all the universe but as one closes the volume of 672 pages one feels that he has a lot more to say. Let us hope we shall hear from him soon with volume two.

The aberrations and quirks of the mind of man afford endless subjects for reflection. Lucubrations that became fixed into pagan formulas and often supplied sources for religious beliefs are more like the whims of the insane or the startling content of dreams than such conscious processes of thought as those we label proudly as reason. Sacrifice of human beings seems to have been univrsal; Europe, Asia, Africa, America have had the madness. Ritual murder to placate the rain gods or demons of pestilence has sometimes turned a humorous instead of a horrific side, as when, during a long drought, a Chinese Emperor of the T'ang period felt that he must do something for the starving: "If it is I who am guilty, the guilt extends not to the multitude. If it is the multitude that is guilty, then let the guilt rest on me alone. Thereupon that noble soul actually sacrificed his hair and his long nails to the god! The best of the joke was that the god himself was bamboozled, for soon after the rain began to fall.

Cutting off the hair, perforating ears, lips, nose and tongue, cropping conspicuous and inconspicuous parts of the body were rites performed in order to give delight to blood-thirsty cannibal gods of the past, yet are still practiced by people who have lost all knowledge of what such rites once signified. Along with apparently senseless assumptions go thoughts naïve but by no means devoid of shrewdness. The police and courts today are exercised over drunken motor drivers. But the sun and the moon were once conceived of as gods that drive chariots across the empyrean, and for the safety of the world it was absolutely

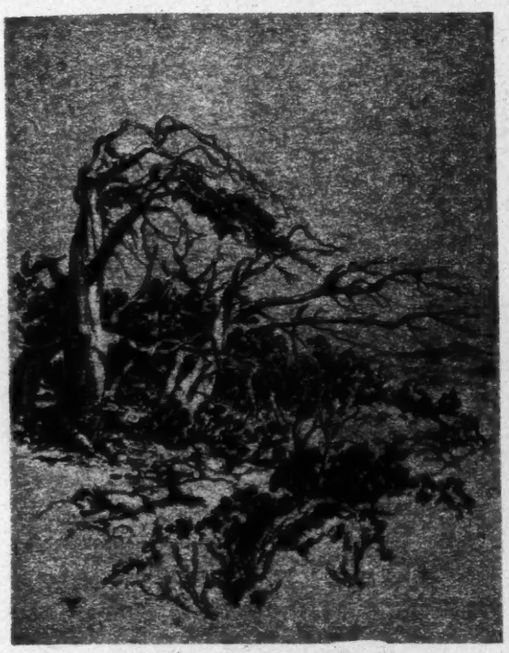
(Continued on Page 24)

Toledo Interpreted by a Basque Novelist

EL BARRIO MALDITO. A Novel by Felix Urabayen. Madrid: Coleccion Contemporanea—Calpe.

By COURTENAY DE KALB

FOUR years ago a new interpreter of Toledo caught the attention of the Spanish literary world. Toledo holds a peculiar place in the heart of the Spaniard; it is the ecclesiastic centre of the nation; its great cathedral dominates the imaginations of the people as its huge bulk, seen from across the Tagus, overshadows the ancient city. It has become the embodiment of the mystery of a national soul, in the poetic thought of Spain. Two decades earlier it had been interpreted by Blasco Ibáñes, contrasting the historic overpowering precedents of the past with the modern spirit of revolution. With a true sense of the invulnerability of the older order the modern spirit fell before the unchangeable spiritual being that seemed to be embodied in the Cathedral. The new interpreter claimed surprised attention because his very name advertised him a Basque. If the Valencian, Blasco Ibáñes, was an individualist because of his own personal bias, what was to be expected of a man by blood a scion of a race of supreme and defiant individualists? This feeling failed to take account of Loyola, the ascetic Basque, persecuted by Popes and Bishops in his earlier years as a near-heretic, but finally expressing the very essence of the spirit of conservatism along with a zealous missionary revival in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. In Urabayen's "Toledo: Piedad" was a tender view of the great Mother Cathedral, and a revelation of her influence on her children gathered about her in enduring consciousness of the old devotion, when the Christian was proud of his achievement of wresting back the Peninsula from the Moor.



Timberline Trees, by Lee Sturges.

The thin thread of story was not enough to make the book a novel; it merely animated the interpretation with human emotions. Following this came a short tale of the Basque highlands, "La Ultima Ciguena," which glorified the legendary past of the Basques in a poetic manner. A third book, in 1923, "Toledo is Despojada," brought the reader closer to the practical life of the people that live in the sacred city. In "El Barrio Maldito" Urabayen is back in Navarra, the lofty mountain region on the south slope of the Pyrenees, from Pamplona to the famous pass of Roncesvalles where Roland wound his horn in vain. Although the novel is innocent of historic basis, through it one can understand the mental attitude of those far away mountaineers who were as ready to attack the French in cooperation with the common Saracen enemy as later they were determined in driving out the Mohammedan. The Basque does not distinguish between friend or foe in an invader. He is hardworking, frugal, confirmed in his opinions, cultivating his small vices, cherishing his antipathies, strictly performing his religious duties in a spirit that can be fanned easily into fanaticism, shrewd, money-getting, yet never niggardly, and always courageous.

It is saying much to affirm that Pio Baroja never has surpassed Urabayen in depicting his native race. It is even a question whether Baroja in his most faithful and compelling story of Basque life, "Las Inquietudes de Shanti Andia," has risen to the power of Urahaven in clear portrayal of the interesting types that compose this remarkable people. Whoever desires to know the Navarrese will repair to "El Barrio Maldito" as the best source for such an understanding. The quiet country life of a returned adventurer from America, called in Spain an "Indiano"; his small group of dependents, and the romance that develops from these domestic contacts, make an opening picture of great charm. The story seems to be moving on some definite orbit in the earlier pages of the book, but, with that singular habit so common in Spain, the tale pauses; scenes follow, interesting in themselves, but unrelated to the narrative. Incident after incident builds a composite of the life in Pamplona, and of strange surviving medieval festal functions in the celebration during the week of San Fermin. The ancient form of bullfighting as a popular sport, not practiced by professionals, but participated in recklessly by one after another daring mountaineer in the enclosed or barricaded streets devoted to this show of valor, is described in great detail.

All this is very picturesque, but it is not novel writing. A special name is required for this kind of literary performance. It is a distinct type, ever reappearing in Spanish literature. Certainly it is indigenous, and it possesses merit. In this manner the numerous distinctive sorts of people who vary the brilliant picture of Basque life pass in review, performing minor tragedies or achieving rural victories, that stand out with vividness and often with beauty. There is no idealization of the people. Their finer points and their grosser attributes are impartially presented. Urabayen, with a touch of humorous appreciation of the idiosyncrasies of the Basques, manifestly offers the simple truth. There is no idealization of the main character, Pedro Mari; he is a solid citizen, correct according to local standards, systematically money-getting, and quite self-centred in his use of it; his wife is the woman of the house and nothing more, brutal, coarse, and not sinning except in want of charity; she also helps to accumulate money; and in the end dies and leaves it for her successor, who is a girl she had treated barbarously. Pedro Mari, retiring like his former master and patron, the "Indiano," marries the girl, who belongs to a despised clan of the barrio of Bozate, and he compels respect for the clan by becoming a member of it and by gathering about him men of influence, who finally soften the ancient antagonisms.

It is not what we understand by a novel, but it marks Urabayen as a writer of power, and as gifted with the ability to strongly draw characters so that they live and move.

Books and Travel at Odds in England

LONDON.

THE National Book Council is making a gallant attempt to stimulate the sale of books, but there is reason to believe that its most effective service will be rendered by such ventures as its preparation of special bibliographies for booksellers rather than by its advertisement appeals to the general public. There are certain tendencies and influences of the time against which the most zealous propagandist campaigns will fight in vain. Every one can see how the popularity of the radio lessens the demand for books to fill up an idle hour, and attention has recently been called to the less obvious effect of the automobile habit. When all long distances were traversed by rail, the station bookstalls did a big business in fiction bought to while away the tedium of the journey. But the only publication the motorist can use while he is motoring is his road-book. And at the end of his day, when he has reached his hotel and finished his evening meal, he finds himself too tired to keep awake over even the lightest novel. Moreover, many people who used to stay at home for the week-end and occupy their time largely in reading are now tempted by the possession of a car to go afield, and during these little holidays they seldom open a book.

For those travelers, however, by whatever means of locomotion, who now and then have half an hour to spare, there is provided nowadays a varied assortment of tempting literature in the form of attractive books that can be conveniently slipped into the pocket. One of the latest and best enterprises of this kind is Harrap's shilling series of "Essays of Today and Yesterday." Each little volume of sixty-four pages contains from six to thirty-five essays by one writer, who may be a contemporary, like Hilaire Belloc or James Agate, or a representative of "yesterday," like Andrew Lang. Among verse selections, Benn's "Sixpenny Poets" maintain the popularity they have so rapidly gained. The next set will cater for many and diverse tastes, for it will include Edith Sitwell, Humbert Wolfe, Alica Meynell, Laurence Binyon, Thomas Campion and Bret Harte.

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THE revived "English Men of Letters" series is generally held to have made a good start with Harold Nicholson's "Swinburne," though more than one of the critics have rapped the author sharply over the knuckles for his contemptuous attitude toward Watts-Dunton. On the whole, Mr. Nicholson's theory that Swinburne was an example of arrested development has been well received, as going far to explain why poems that aroused intense excitement in their earliest readers have come to be regarded as intolerably dull. One of the warmest commendations of this new volume comes from Sir Edmund Gosse, whose biography of Swinburne, published in 1917, has hitherto held the field. He is generous enough to say, "without reserve," that "Mr. Nicholson has penetrated further into the mental constitution of the poet than any of us, his elders, who lived in the clash and flash of the phenomenon, had been able to do." Mr. Nicholson's careful criticism of the less readable books, such as "Bothwell," has evoked from R. Ellis Roberts the suggestion that it is time some one went through those vast echoing pages and removed from their hollow emptiness the gems occasionally scattered there. Considerable interest has also been aroused by the almost simultaneous publication of Swinburne's "Ballads of the English Border," edited by W. A. MacInnes and consisting partly of experiments of his own, and by the large number of Swinburnian items in the seventh volume of T. J. Wise's catalogue of the Ashley Library, printed for private circulation. Many of these turn out to be of some biographical importance. They illustrate especially the poet's violent antipathy to France and Russia in the middle '80s.

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QUICK on the heels of Mr. Nicholson's "Swinburne" has come John Freeman's "Herman Melville," which, however, has attracted less attention than its predecessor, for the recent rediscovery of the genius of "Moby Dick" has not been widely popularized. This book is believed to be the first monograph on Melville published in England. That could not be said, I suppose, of any writer previously dealt with in the series. The next "English Men of Letters" volumes will be J. B. Priestley's "George Meredith" and John Bailey's "Walt Whitman," both announced for the present month. Forthcoming additions to the biographies in Philip Guedalla's "Curiosities of Politica" series will be its editor's "Palmerston," Shane Leslie's "George IV" and R. L. Murray's "Disraeli."

When he has given his readers time to recover from his forthcoming "Wilson and the People Around Him," Lord Birkenhead proposes to startle them again with a book on "Bolshevism: Its Past, Its Present and Its Future." A new study of the origins of the World War has been made by Dr. R. W. Seton-Watson in his "Sarajevo." One of the most romantic chronicles of that conflict is promised in Henry Baerlein's "The March of the 70,000," which will tell the story of the campaigns of the Czechoslovak Army. After Yorktown, Lord Cornwallis went to India as Governor General. Sir George Forrest has edited the State papers of his Viceroyalty for immediate publication in two volumes. G. K. Chesterton is bringing out a one-volume collection of his poems, to include many hitherto unpublished. Sir Henry Newbolt's "Studies Green and

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

From a Portrait by George Frederick Watts.

Grey," announced for the Fall season, will be a volume of essays written at two different periods of his life. The "green" studies date from twenty or twenty-five years ago, whereas the "grey" are the work of the last five years. Messrs. Benn are starting an enterprise on the lines of the Reklam Library but more modern in plan. The first ten volumes will appear in the Fall. "The Journals of Thomas James Cobden-Sanderson," narrating the history of the Doves Bindery and Press, will be issued in two volumes at 4 guineas in an edition limited to 1,000 copies. The sixth volume of "The Farington Diary" is ready for publication. James Agate has written a book on "The Modern Theatre."

HERBERT W. HORWILL.

Paris Assays Three New Novels

PARIS.

ONE of the particularly flourishing follies of our day is the mad desire to discover new geniuses everywhere. Present-day critics are obsessed by the memory of authentic but long unrecognized geniuses. Let us make no more such blunders! And, again, what can be more glorious than this business of discovering stars? The result is an endless stream of such discoveries.

The latest is that of a novelist by the name of Georges Bernanos, who has just made his bow with a novel entitled "In the Sunshine of Satan." All I have been able to find out about M. Georges Bernanos is that he is about 36, an insurance inspector in one of our eastern provinces, in Metz or Nancy, and that he has spent the free hours of many years in the perfection of this work—between hail and fire policies.

It was M. Léon Daudet who, even before the book was on sale in the shops, assumed the office of proclaiming him a genius. This is what one calls a good start. Some of the critics, but not all, shared M. Léon Daudet's opinion. Now we have what parliamentary reports call "various movements." In any case, it is at least a rather curious success.

There is no denying that the novel is quite curious. Do you believe in the devil? I mean, do you believe that the devil comes out of hell, like a soldier on leave or a student on a vacation, and that he personally comes out to take an active part in our affairs, to tempt and torment us? This was the medieval conception, when people saw the devil everywhere, and when thousands of witches and of persons possessed were burned at the stake. I believe that today this personal and corporeal intervention of the devil is not an article of faith even for the Catholics. Where literature is concerned, the authors who want to make him play a rôle set the plot of their fantastic dramas or novels in the old days when such diabolic episodes were considered every-day realities. Thus Goethe with his Mephistopheles.

***

M. GEORGES BERNANOS gives us a novel of contemporary society, a novel of realistic observation, where the devil walks abroad on the public highways in the shape of a roving horse dealer and attempts a nocturnal attack on a young curate, the Abbé Donissan. I shall not take the liberty of doubting the probability of this satanic incarnation. I shall merely remark that items of this sort never are prominent in the best informed of our newspapers. And when, perchance, such an apparition is mentioned, the reporters generally add that the one who met him has been taken to an alienist.

In M. Georges Bernanos's novel the character favored with this infernal encounter is not a madman (although his ecclesiastic superiors wonder for a time whether he will not be considered mad), but a saint of the mystic sort, with some resemblance to the famous Curé of Ars. I am willing to accept this view; but, as far as I am concerned, I should prefer a form of sainthood that would put me in communication with unfallen angels, and would let me hear celestial voices. However, one must be a saint as best one can. And I am very much afraid that I shall never be one in either way.

To the story of his saint M. Georges Bernanos attaches the tales of a demoniacal girl—a well-known patron of the assize courts—and of a famous, skeptical, dilettante author, a member of the French Academy, whom he considers much more truly guilty and a real tool of Beelzebub. The illustrious damned one is none other than Anatole France, at whom M. Georges Bernanos, a right-thinking author, thinks it proper to hurl insults. This is the fashion in that party since Louis Veuillot and Léon Bloy, whose tradition M. Georges Bernanos continues. On the whole, the profane reader will find the episodic adventure of the mad girl, familiarly called Mouchette, the most interesting thing in this novel. The mystical-theological-diabolical part is heavier in manner and does not make a very alluring Witches' Sabbath. I prefer the Walpurgis of "Faust."

***

SOME more genius, in M. Gaston Rageot's novel, "The Vocation of Jean Douve." This time the author contents himself with more talent for himself. The genius is for his hero, an untaught young peasant who has instinctively become a sculptor and who exhibits an imperfect but sublime statue of Cybèle in the Salon. But there is an obstacle to the career of this inspired young man. His inspiration came from his rustic origin and from the beauties of nature among which he passed his early years, living with men as simple as the animals about them. Suddenly he learns that he is not the son of a humble countryman, as he believed, but of a rich, elegant, and idle Parisian. That is the end! With a heredity of this sort he will never be able to do anything worth while. He renounces art and will become as useless as his real father.

It seems to me that if this Jean Douve really were gifted he would continue with his sculpture and would succeed in it, even though he should discover himself to be the son of the Unspeakable Turk and the Republic of Venice. I do not believe that genius, once proved, can be affected by the adjustment of one's civil status. Unquestionably M. Gaston Rageot's novel is based on a paradox; but it is no less brilliant and entertaining for this.

PAUL SOUDAY.

Two German Novels on Good and Evil

RÉUBENI, FÜRST DER JUDEN (Reubeni, Prince of the Jews). A novel. By Max Brod. Munich: Kurt Wolff.

IM EWIGEN LICHT (The Eternal Light). A novel. By Walter von Molo. Munich: Albert Langen.

BERLIN.

THESE novels with their religious motifs have nothing in common with the Christian tales of the middle of the nineteenth century. We have finally overcome the latter, which were written mostly by women, and were rather sentimental love stories voicing a narrow bigotry. Those of our present-day authors who concern themselves with religion at all penetrate deeper. They follow difficult and dangerous paths, like Faust when he goes to the mothers; for here, too, it is a question of penetrating to the sources of life.

I have before me two books, both of which deal with the problem of whether it is permissible to sin and do evil in order to accomplish good. Has not evil a place in God's plan for the universe? And does not He Himself, in the manifoldness of His creation, use murder and cruelty? Daring questions that, in moments of gloom, give rise to profound struggles in the minds of all thinking men, only to remain unsolved—as the poet said:

Um Mitternacht
Kämpft' ich den Kampf der Welt
und ihrer Leiden—
Ich konnt' ihn nicht entscheiden—
Um Mitternacht.

***

OF the two equally powerful authors who have chosen this problem the one is a believing Jew, the other a Christian who has come to a personal conception of God.

Max Brod paints a broadly executed historical picture of medieval Jewry, its boundless suffering and its austere adherence to the law, its fervent zealotism and its eager expectation of the promised Messiah. Max Brod comes from Prague—his ancestors lived in the ghetto there, which still exists. He needed merely to look deep into his own soul to find the complicated Jewish soul in all its ramifications. He brings its different types into his narrative with masterly skill.

In the dark, airless ghetto, in the junkshop of his mother, the child David sits and broods over the admonition of the Holy Scriptures: Love God—even with your evil instinct. The mystery of these words does not let go of little David before he has become a man. He feels himself called to the task of forcibly raising his coreligionists from their wretched state, to train them to be warriors and heroes instead of patient scholars and shopkeepers, to lead them from their slavery among foreign nations back to the Promised Land, to Palestine. He must sin much before he sees his aim clearly before his eyes: Every one of the steps leading to success is paved with falsehood, deceit and most malignant swindles. Only to himself David is always true. He is tortured by fearful pangs of conscience. In vain does he seek to expiate by rigorous fasts and self-chastisement. The boy from the Prague ghetto becomes Sar Réubeni, the prince of the legendary remains of the lost ten tribes of Israel, that have founded the warlike nation of Chabor in Asia Minor: a dignity which he assumes of his own authority—for in the kingdom of Chabor he was only a poor prisoner. But with the wealth he has gained subsequently he boldly visits the Pope in Rome, demands and receives letters of recommendation to the King of Portugal. His fellow-Jews hail him as the long awaited Messiah—but his rising star is extinguished in the horrible dungeons of the Spanish Inquisition. Réubeni, who called himself Prince of the Jews, is a historical personality, but surrounded with mystery.

From the scanty material available a poet has created a figure full of life, human and stirring in all its contrasts. Today, when even non-Jews anxiously watch the struggle of the Jewish race for a solidly established and free home in Palestine, Max Brod's book is not merely a historical novel, but of great timeliness.

***

THE Eternal Light" is the third part of a broadly conceived trilogy. "On the Rolling Earth" and "Bobenmatz," the first two volumes, were discussed in this column in the Fall of 1925. Although the last book is meant to stand on its own feet, however, one cannot really understand Molo's intentions without a knowledge of the other volumes. Bobenmatz, the Christ-like figure with the grotesque name, who wanders through the metropolis and exerts a magic influence on men, is the central figure here also. Bobenmatz takes Christianity seriously—he is a man of pure truth. At every step, naturally, he comes into bitter conflict with the falsehood of most of our life. It is women, particularly, whom he either frees from the bonds of degrading relationships or brings back to the duties of marriage; here much light is thrown on the disorganised family life of our time. Indeed, this is what the book is concerned with, for Bobenmatz is not interested in politics and other public affairs. He gives his attention to the individual human soul and its salvation. He is the object of much love, and himself is strongly subject to love. As a matter of fact there is a little too much eroticism for a book that deals with the most lofty problems. Molo probably believes that eroticism represents the root of all further development of love to its higher spiritual phases; nor is he wrong there.

***

WHILE the second volume ended with a complete collapse of the hero—he realizes his impotence as a guide of destinies and meekly submits to the incomprehensible will of God—the last part raises him to a sure height of purpose. To free a woman he loves from the grasp of a base and cruel husband, because there is danger of her becoming wicked from his example, he shoots the man. He becomes a murderer—to attain his noble end he serves God with his evil instinct also. The soul of an essentially good woman is to be saved. However, in contrast to the ever self-doubting and self-torturing Jew, Réubeni, this simple Christian understands himself thoroughly and is quite at peace with God. He knows that his horrible deed was not intended to benefit himself; inwardly he has already renounced the woman and is prepared to suffer death for her sake.

In a trial of breathless interest and almost unbelievable technical accuracy the vain and selfish life of our society is revealed again; but even more powerfully is shown the influence of this one pure man on many weaker ones, whom he has guided to goodness and happiness. As Bobenmatz, beatifically abandoning himself to God, awaits earthly death, he is acquitted. Then, retiring to escape all homage, he disappears forever.

It is not revealed whether he atones for his deed with voluntary death.

This remarkable book arouses divided feelings. Molo-Bobenmatz boldly declares that, since God Himself has based his creation on mutual murder, man also is permitted to murder. A statement which we cannot accept without contradiction. May weak, miserable man interfere so presumptuously with God's plan of action? Personally I would answer this question with an emphatic "no." Good can never result from an evil deed—and the destroying of a human life is an evil deed. But, even though one may not agree with Walter von Molo in his fundamental motif, one must recognize the profound earnestness of his work.

GABRIELE REUTER.

Latest Works Of Fiction

(Continued from Page 9)

waiter, the automaton at the Doric, is much more real than the struggle with a newly awakened soul. For the last part of the book degenerates into high-falutin' sentimentalism. There is no beauty, no reality about Gian-Luca's struggle; it seems predetermined and does not ring true. Miss Hall's talents do not run to psychology; she is much better off creating people in outward terms. That is why her groups, such as the people of the Italian quarter with their superficial relations and typical emotions, have a naturalness approaching truth where her individuals fail to be specific. And her book is by far too long, too loose in form, too lacking in emphasis. The overwhelming influence of Gian-Luca's grandmother on his life, for instance, is not clearly expressed. Miss Hall has aimed at too much. One's reach should exceed one's grasp, perhaps; but had Miss Hall written the life of a head waiter, and implied his inner feelings rather than sought to express them with so much detail, she would have written something far more original and piquant than a biography which comes a trifle closer to failure than to success.

A BRAZILIAN PARVENU

***A BRAZILIAN TENEMENT.* By Aluizio Azevedo. Translated from the Portuguese by Harry W. Brown. 320 pp. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. $3.**

"RAGS to Riches" might serve as a sub-title to Aluizio Azevedo's realistic picture of the making of a Brazilian millionaire. Azevedo is ironic rather than "inspirational," however. The career of Joao Romao is based on single-minded, almost obsessed, effort, promoted by chicanery, petty thievery and arrant fraud and consolidated by a supreme act of treachery. Yet Azevedo contrives to invest his scoundrel with a certain grandeur of sheer, indomitable energy. Azevedo's objective gusto carries the enthralled reader to the very end. A strange milieu and an alien race have been visualized with startling actuality. The very sounds and smells of Joao Romao's tenement are galvanized by the author's skilfully reticent evocations.

Romao's greed controls the scene in an immediate as well as a more general sense. Nearly a hundred tenants pay Romao rent, buy at his gorcery store, trade across his liquor counter, snatch hasty meals in his crowded, odorous lunchroom, borrow his money at exorbitant rates, submit problems to his judgment and acknowledge his leadership in the direction and expression of their very lives. He dominates them at every point, even in their recreations. Many of the men work in his granite quarries, while the women conduct their laundering enterprises at the tubs he has provided. In order to keep the stream of coins flowing into Romao's various tills they are forced to strenuous exertion, which leaves them on Sunday with a heightened avidity for the several satisfactions which their individual natures crave. Here is gluttonous feasting and drinking, followed by a primitive abandonment in song and dance; there, the Portuguese immigrants are nostalgically wailing the plaintive tunes of the old country.

The tenement is a materialization of Romao's ambition. The reader sees Romao from the day when his apprenticeship ended and he assumed control, in his same ragged pants and soiled shirt and bare feet, of the grocery business. His partnership with a negress, slave to a man who accepts a wage in lieu of services, brings him a thriving restaurant and an indefatigable worker. Bertoleza, simple soul, passes over her savings of a lifetime to Romao and trusts him to buy her freedom. Romao appeases her with a forged certificate and pockets her money. He begins to buy up the vacant land around him until he has enough ground to build a hive of crude, cell-like dwellings, into which a whole community of families is crowded. From time to time, fire or the augmented desires and self-importance of Romao effect a change in the outward aspect of the block of "homes," until it shelters more than four hundred families and its flimsy wood has

(Continued on Page 22)

DR. DORSEY

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Watson has done for human behavior. Darwin freed animate nature of superstition, and made the science of biology possible. Watson freed human conduct of its mysticism and laid the foundation for the science of psychology. His Behaviorism is the only psychology which can be put to work," says DR. GEORGE A. DORSEY, author of "Why We Behave Like Human Beings."

DR. WATSON

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By JOHN B. WATSON

Formerly Professor of Experimental and Comparative Psychology and Director, Psychological Laboratory, Johns Hopkins University

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Dr. Watson's investigations, his ideas and conclusions are incorporated in this book. His famous experiments are set forth in detail. He clearly shows how practical Behaviorism has become in guiding human life. And already the interest in this book has given to such proportions that four large editions have been sold out and the fifth is now ready. Watson's "Behaviorism" as Dr. Dorsey points out, "is the only psychology which can be put to work." And Stuart Chase, author of "The Tragedy of Waste," sums up:—"Perhaps this is the most important book ever written. One stands for an instant blinded by a great hope."

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Books and Authors

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

FICTION.

"The Exquisite Perdita." E. Barrington. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
"The Black Hunter." James Oliver Curwood. (Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.)
"Lavinia and the Devil." Camilla York. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)
"Daphne Bruno." Ernest Raymond. (George H. Doran Company.)

NON-FICTION.

"How to Hunt With a Camera." William Nesbit. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)
"Your United States." Arnold Bennett. (George H. Doran Company.)
"Tony Sarg's New York." Tony Sarg. (Greenberg, Inc.)
"Old Decorative Maps and Charts." Introduced by Arthur L. Humphreys. (Minton, Balch & Co.)

SYLVIA THOMPSON, author of "The Hounds of Spring," is to be married on June 1 to Peter Luling, an American art student, according to a report received by her publishers, Little, Brown & Co. Mr. Luling comes of an old New York family, but he has lived at Eton since he was ten years old. He met Miss Thompson at Oxford while she was a student there. This bit of news recalls the dedication of "The Hounds of Spring," which reads: "This book is dedicated to the mind of H. G. Wells and to Peter Luling." Miss Thompson, who is only 23 years old, has sold the film rights of this novel for £3,000 and the serial rights of her next novel for £2,000.

Coincident with the publication of the third volume of "Portraits of the Founders," by Charles Knowles Bolton, Secretary and Librarian of the Library of the Boston Athenaeum, comes the announcement that the author has mounted on cards the entire set of portraits, numbering about 130, illustrating every face as far as known of an immigrant to this country before 1701, with appropriate text under each picture, and that this collection will be lent for two weeks to any library that cares to pay the trifling express charge.

Long Island is to have a poet laureate, his appointment to be the result of a contest conducted by the Long Island Daily Press. Those upon whom will devolve the task of judging the candidates are E. Ralph Cheyney, editor of the Independent Poetry Anthology; T. Gordon Lawrence, poetry instructor at New York University; A. M. Sullivan, contributing editor of the Harp; and Gremin Zorn, Jamaica's literary colyumist. The contest is open to all Long Island poets. If all of them enter the judges are in for a busy time.

A new addition to the "Tudor Translations," published by Alfred A. Knopf, will be "Seneca: His Tenne Tragedies," edited by T. S. Eliot. It will be published in the near future.

When young David Binney Putnam wrote "David Goes Voyaging," his story of his experiences with the Beebe-Arcturus Expedition, he started something. The firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons has been so encouraged by the success of this book that it is going to make a feature of books for younger people which are actually written by boys and girls. The second volume in the series, "Deric in Mesa Verde," by Deric Nusbaum, will be published early in June.

D. Appleton & Co. have just brought out their eighty-second printing of a book that has been the subject of violent controversy ever since it first appeared. The sermons that have been preached against it would, if they could be collected, be sufficient to fill several good-sized libraries and bore the frequenters thereof to complete extinction. The book is "Origin of Species," by Charles Darwin.

Following the announcement that Jacob Wassermann is about to publish a long novel dealing with the destiny of the Jewish people since Christ, George Sylvester Viereck and Paul Eldridge have issued a statement to the effect that they are now completing a novel, begun fifteen years ago, in which the central figure is the Wandering Jew, immortal and young. The work will probably consist of two volumes. The greater part of the manuscript is already in the hands of an international publishing house, but whether the book will appear next Fall or the following Spring is not yet decided. The authors are issuing their statement in order to forestall the possible suggestion later that they were inspired in any way by Wassermann's work.

Boni & Liveright announce for publication in June a new edition of "Dreams and Images," an anthology of poetry originally compiled by Joyce Gilmore. The new material in this edition has been compiled by Shaemas O'Sheel.

The second volume of Sir Sidney Lee's "Life of Edward VII" was completed shortly before Sir Sidney's death in March and will be published in the Fall by the Macmillan Company. The first volume appeared last Spring.

Edison Marshall, author of "The Sleeper of the Moonlit Ranges" (Cosmopolitan Book Corporation) and other novels, has just presented for the tenth year the annual prize in the Edison Marshall Short Story Contest of the University of Oregon. This contest was begun by Mr. Marshall when he was graduated from the university. It has increased in value through the years and has been the starting point for a number of successful short-story writers.

Charles Hammond Gibson, President of the American Poetry Association, Boston, is the editor of the "Year Book of Poems for 1926," issued by the association. The Year Book appears this year not in pamphlet but in book form, bound in green, with paper label. Some thirty or more poets are represented. The editor contributes a preface embodying the position of the association in regard to some of the tendencies of modern verse, and also an ode entitled "Star of the Night." The collection includes a sonnet by Brookes More, a sestina by Elizabeth C. Purdy, a Pindaric ode, "Victory Over Death," by Grace Evelyn Brown, and other poems by Henry Harmon Chamberlin, Benjamin Collins Woodbury, John Rollin Stuart, Alice Carter Mariett, V. Wainwright, Royden Burke, Emile Pickhardt and others.

An early June publication of the Macmillan Company will be "By the City of the Long Sand. A Tale of New China," by Alice Tisdale Hobart. Mrs. Hobart is the wife of the representative in China of a great American oil company, and she has lived twelve years in that country, shifting her home from place to place as the business of the company required. The book tells of her experiences, which were varied and interesting.

Thomas Burke's new book, "East of Mansion House," which George H. Doran Company will publish early in June, is another collection of short stories of the London slums and more particularly of the Limehouse district.

"Brawnyman," by James Stevens, announced by Alfred A. Knopf for publication in June, is the story of Jim Turner, cow-hand, teamster, logger and sawyer, an American laborer of the hobo type, traveling from job to job on box cars, utterly irresponsible, and always ready for work or play, fighting or drinking. Mr. Stevens, it will be remembered, is the author of "Paul Bunyan."

Robertus Love of The St. Louis Post-Dispatch has told the story of a famous outlaw in "The Rise and Fall of Jesse James," to be published shortly by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Mr. Love grew up in the Jesse James country and has long been in communication with the only surviving member of the famous robber band. His book is said to have all the thrill of an old-time dime novel. Considering its subject, why shouldn't it?

As a result of writing his autobiography, "After the Ball," just published by Frank-Maurice, Inc., Charles K. Harris, whose first songhit was also called "After the Ball," is being deluged with letters from amateur musicians expressing their high regard for his work, and incl-

(Continued on Page 21)

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Objection and Reproof

Editor, The New York Times Book Review:

Will you be so good as to permit me to utter a patient but astonished protest at the final paragraph of your reviewer's notice of "His Majesty, the King" in your current issue? In this, having delivered himself of a favorable account of the story, he refers to my expression as "childish babble," and goes on to say that the "pseudo-romantic language spoken by the characters is a lingo of hectic blah in its extreme terminology, for which there seems to be only one possible excuse—too rapid production." I shall be grateful if you will allow me to tell him that this story was written, after considerable study of the language and characters of the period, in play form for H. B. Irving in 1912. When, to every one's regret, Harry Irving found his forefathers at an untimely age the script was put into a drawer, later to be burned in an accidental funeral pile of my manuscripts when I cleared out of my cottage to join up at the outbreak of the war. Since then I have browsed so deeply into the histories, diaries, letters and plays of the Stuart period that much of the language that is spoken by Charles, Hyde, Bristol and others in my book, especially in the first part, is their own—childish babble and hectic blah as it may seem to be to your reviewer. For the rest the language and expression is wholly authentic, both of dialogue and narrative, as your reviewer might prove if he were able to glance, for the first time, at the Clarendon and Carte collection of manuscripts in the Bodleian Library, the Nicholas papers preserved among the Egerton manuscripts in the British Museum, and the innumerable letters and drafts of letters written by Charles II and his councilors which are to be found in the Public Record Office.

THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW is so valuable, so trustworthy and so unique a publication that it comes as a shock to read in it a review of a book of this sort that is written by some one whose acquaintance with the Stuart period is no closer than that, for instance, of the Marx Brothers.

New York. COSMO HAMILTON.

The "Arcturus"

(Continued from Page 1)

used to stop for water and cocoanuts, and where, as on all islands worth bothering with, there is buried treasure.

Another kind of island—perhaps of more concern to scientists—was "Seventy-four: An Island of Water." "Seventy-four" was simply the "station" of that number, in the open sea, south of Cocos. Here, assuming an earthquake or eruption to thrust forth a new wart on the earth's surface, it was an interesting speculation to ascertain what inhabitants it might come to have. This Mr. Beebe tried to do by keeping tab of the flowing life of air and water which passed by. In ten days he counted more than four hundred individuals of thirty-four species, including four species of plants, all of which could have landed and thrived upon the theoretical island.

The purely scientific results of this expedition will be recorded in other—and for the layman duller—books and monographs. There will be other expeditions, for the Arcturus no more exhausted its field of labors than its captain could have emptied the ocean by dipping up a pailful of water. The service Mr. Beebe does in in making the scientist a human and engaging figure. We see him in this case as a man hopelessly afflicted with the wanderlust; he reveals a sense of humor which makes him love to record the "oldest able seaman's" remark about the scientists, "I never seen such funny folks"; he has imagination, and he has courage. These are qualities which even those who live in modern apartments in cities can understand.

It is hard to do justice in a short space to a book so varied and so enormously entertaining. And it is impossible to indicate the beauty of many of the drawings and colored plates. Isabel Cooper's colored plates are gorgeous, and there are some delicate things by Don Dickerman, Dwight Franklin and Helen Tee-Van. For, strangely enough, there is often loveliness of color in fish which live in the Stygian blackness of the great depths.

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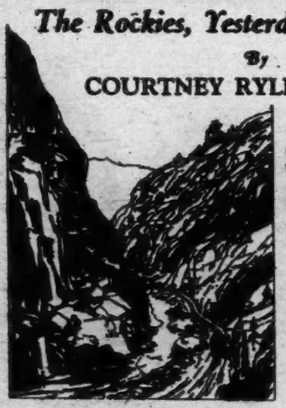

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Bohemia Sends a Mail-Order Catalogue to Philistia

***CONTACT COLLECTION OF CONTEMPORARY WRITERS.* 338 pp. *Paris: Three Mountains Press.* $3.**

PARIS, the perennial centre of the literary underworld of England and America, has for the last few years been the avowed Summer capital of the exponents of literary revolt. Traditionally the setting for la vie de Bohême, without experience of which no young writer dare write about Life, the little marble-topped tables of the two American restaurants, the Dome and the Rotonde, afford opportunity for endless discussion of the burning questions: What is Art? and What is Life? It is, therefore, somewhat of a shock to find the capital of Bohemia capitalizing the methods of Philistia, as in the present volume.

The management of the Three Mountains Press have had a brilliant idea. Regardless of the language in which they clothed their purpose, it is as though they had said: "Come! Let us do even as the great mail-order houses do! Let us get out an edition which will bring a considerable number of the public in contact with samples of our writings, that, having tasted, they may come again and purchase some of our books on their own account."

At any rate, they have selected material from the work of twenty writers, all, or nearly all, of the ultra-modern school, and have now put out these samples in a single volume. Included in it are writings by many persons of whom one has never heard, writings by those of whom one has heard too much and writings by authors whose repute lifts them above the necessity for such meretricious expedients, but whose inclusion adds greatly to the popular appeal of the book as a whole.

In this latter category we find May Sinclair, Dorothy Richardson, Havelock Ellis and Ford Madox Ford, all of whom have contributed works of substantial merit.

And then the reader comes upon the storm troops of the new literature: James Joyce, Ezra Pound, a Sitwell (Edith), Gertrude Stein and, somewhat unexpectedly, Norman Douglas. These are names, in most cases, known too well to need further publicity, but as they supply the link between the bait afforded by the serious group of writers and the rag-tag and bob-tail who account for more than half of the volume, the reason for their inclusion in this sample catalogue of misprized talent is obvious.

From a work now in progress by the author of "Ulysses," the editors cull a few pages. Just to show that Joyce's literary technique has not altered since the oftmentioned tour de force, one may be pardoned for quoting this single sentence:

> An imposing everybody he always indeed looked, constantly the same as and equal to himself and magnificently well worthy of any and all such universalization, every time he continually surveyed from good start to happy finish the truly catholic assemblage gathered together from their assbawiveldts and oxgangs unanimously to clappiaud Mr. W. W. Semperkelly's immergreen tourers in the problem passion play of the millentury, "A Royal Divorce," with ambitions interval band selections from "The Bo' Girl" and "The Lily" on all gala command nights from his viceregal booth were, a veritable Napoleon the Nth, this folksforefather all of the time sat having the entirety of his house about him, with the invariable broadstretched kerchief cooling his whole neck, nape and shoulderblades and in a wardrobepaneled tuxedo completely thrown back from a shirt well entitled to a swallowall, on every point far outstarching the laundered clawhammers and marbletopped highboys of the pit stalls and early amphitheatre.

In somewhat similar vein, the reader will find the selection from Gertrude Stein's notorious "Two Women." Miss Stein writes as though her typewriter suffered from enteric; the reader feels as though he were Tantalus climbing some slippery hill in hell:

> There are often two of them, both women. There were two of them, two women. There were two of them, both women. There were two of them. They were both women. There were two women and they were sisters. They both went on living. They were very often together when they were living. They were very often not together when they were living.

Different, and vastly superior to these inanities, are the distinctive contributions of Ezra Pound and Edith Sitwell. The former's "A Canto" is indeed a cadenced narrative of peculiarly elusive quality, beginning:

> *Sound slender*
> *quasi tinnula,*
> *Ligur' aoide:*
> *Si no'us vei, Domna*
> *don plus mi cal,*
> *Negus vezer mon bel pensar*
> *no val.*

No, on second thought, one had better class Norman Douglas's "A Fragment" with the writers of the first group discussed. Rather whimsically, mildly decadent, it is concerned with the consternation of Derceto, the virgin fish-goddess of Askalon, on discovering that she is going to give birth to Semiramis. It contains the roguish expression, "Satyrs will be satyrs!" and some amiable folly, appropriate to the author of "South Wind."

Of the eleven writers of the submerged and misunderstood period who here take advantage of these distinguished names, not much need or will be said. Their writings afford, in large part, an explanation of why they are not better known. Certainly there is much promise among them; also undeniably much of this promise is on the negative side. Strictly speaking, their work does not command attention; nevertheless, because they fill more than half of this catalogue, they should receive some notice.

There is Djuna Barnes, for instance, in whose "A Little Girl Tells a Story to a Lady"—a rather obscure but presumably profound document—occurs the following easily flowing sentence: "No growing no developing no flourishing no withering no wilting no death, only you, as you wish, only you. * * *"

Equally intelligible is Mary Butts's "Friendly Garland," in which the heroine gazes thrice into a mirror. The first time her face was old, the second time it was middle-aged, and the third time "I got up and looked into the glass again. I looked like a child that has been dipped in dew."

Bryher's "South" is in rather more rugged vein, a description of a party of English passengers on a freighter bound from England to Alexandria just after the armistice. It is a sketch rather than a narrative, but betrays a suggestive vitality:

> Africa was south. On the bridge and forward lookouts watched for floating mines. The ship hardly seemed to move. It seemed as if they must sail on for days, suspended upon this instant between old conditions, new conditions, as two days are cut apart utterly by sleep. If they could not return, rebuild, the sea brought peace, the promise of adventure. For the first time since war they were not looking back or looking forward, but were contented with the moment, the light wind, the water, the cleave and sweep of waves.

Also deserving of friendly notice is Wallace Gould's "Two Greek Heads," although it suggests an indebtedness to E. E. Cummings:

> *He, the Cumaean, has the neck of a*
> *young bull, but the face of an*
> *ox * * *,*
> *ah, no, the face of a manly but*
> *gentle Greek,*
> *the face of a man not too intuitive,*
> *not too sagacious, and not at all*
> *sensual.*

Five other men have written for this volume, but their work, though varyingly unsuccessful, is not distinctive enough to occasion mention, though exception might be made for John Herrmann's amusing yarn.

Accordingly, with malice prepense, this review will conclude with Mina Loy's free verse narrative entitled "The Angio-Mongrels and the Rose," which deals somewhat desultorily with Esau Penfold and Ova. The various sections of this masterpiece bear intriguing titles. "Psychic Larva" and "Christ's Regrettable Reticence" are among them. Felicitous passages are not rare in this inchoate narrative, which covers over fifty valuable pages:

> *while an African explorer*
> *explains how easily*
> *he might catch lions if he wished*
> *"It only needs kindness and a turn*
> *of the wrist."*
>
> *Until the Ruling Bluff*
> *demanded a hell—full*
> *of labor*
> *for half a belly—full*

The Three Mountains Press experiment will not be, one fears, altogether successful in attracting the shekels of the Philistines. Nevertheless, may one not confidently look forward to the time when authors, catching the genuine commercial spirit, will band themselves definitely together in turning out a catalogue of their wares which shall be as complete as that of a Sears-Roebuck or a Butterick and will cost as much, instead of the trifling $3 necessary for the purchase of this present pioneer in the field of making authorship an aspect of Big Business?

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CENTURY—Enduring Books

Books and Authors

(Continued from Page 18)

dentally asking his favorable consideration of their own musical efforts. Who knows but this may result in the discovery of another musical genius worthy to rank with the giants of Tin-Pan Alley?

Stephen Leacock's new book, "Winnowed Wisdom," which Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish in June, contains, according to the advance announcement, a "menu" for dandelion wine which alone is worth the price of the book. We're glad to hear it, but you don't need a menu for dandelion wine. All you need is a goblet.

Theodore Dreiser's novel, "An American Tragedy," published by Boni & Liveright, which has been sold to the Famous Players to be made into a motion picture play in the Fall, is said to have brought a price unparalleled in motion picture history. But what makes the transaction still more noteworthy is the stipulation that there shall be no change in the filming. D. W. Griffith is to direct the picture.

A new popular edition of "The Life of Benvenuto Cellini," translated by John Addington Symonds, will be issued by Charles Scribner's Sons in May. This edition is in no way an abridgment, but is printed from the plates of the original $3.50 edition, which it supersedes, and retains all the illustrations of that edition.

The acting version of Nicolas Evreinoff's play, "The Chief Thing," now being presented in New York by the Theatre Guild, has been published by Doubleday, Page & Co. It may be had either in the paper covers of the Theatre Guild Library or in more permanent boards. Mr. Evreinoff is a young Moscow playwright, one of the creators of the new theatre in Russia.

Graham Kerr, Professor of Zoology in the University of Glasgow and author of a new book on "Evolution," just published by the Macmillan Company, is said to be the man who originated and communicated to the British Admiralty in September, 1914, the idea of painting ships in strongly contrasting patches for the purpose of decreasing their visibility. The idea came to him from his observation of the protective coloration in animals.

Ruth Suckow's name, in case anybody should ask you, is pronounced Soo-koh, with the accent on the first syllable. She is the author of "Country People" and "The Odyssey of a Nice Girl," both published by Alfred A. Knopf.

Fifteen Pharaohs

(Continued from Page 18)

to be a race of slaves. That is, after all, the real riddle of the Sphynx. And it is, perhaps, in these portraits that we discover the clue.

The humblest of Egyptians was conscious that in him smoldered the spark of God. Of beauty he might not be capable but of beauty he was conscious. And nothing anywhere was more precious. Far better that there be be beauty for the few than that there be no beauty at all. And of beauty Pharaoh was trustee. The important thing about him was not how he ruled but that he reigned. In his person, the Man attained to Majesty. And even the Slave who bled under the lash, was a Man.

For in Egypt, this present life was but an unfulfilled drama. Beyond the grave lay a future, if anything, more actual than the present; a fact so plain from Egyptian records that it reduces to the inexplicable fatuity the scholarship which, reading the Old Testament is color blind to immortality there revealed. The Pharaoh claimed what might be—who could say?—everybody's heritage. The pyramid which, as material, crushed a nation to the earth, as symbol, bespoke the certitude of aspiration unto heaven. Under the weight of those stones, men groaned. But they could not so build without looking upward. The tomb within the pyramid was rifled. But its summit is still the wonder of the ages.

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(Page 119)

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(Continued from Page 17)

given way to imposing brick and stone. The complexion of the tenement has shown the same organic rapprochement to Romao's aims; instead of day laborers, his tenants become clerks, small brokers, Government employes, petty aristocrats of the "white-collar" persuasion.

Romao, himself, has gradually grown ashamed of his enormous, coarsened hands, his uncouth manners and language, and his serviceable but undistinguished costume. He no longer wishes to do all the marketing and most of the selling in person. He relegates more and more of the details of his enterprises to hirelings, blossoms out in real shoes, panama hat, white suit, heavy gold watch-chain, stick, and launches himself as a capitalist in the stock market. Bertoleza, instead of being an invaluable asset to the accumulation of his fortune and a tolerated convenience for his more personal needs, becomes a serious drawback to his contemplated alliance with the daughter of his neighbor, the Baron. He undertakes to deliver Bertoleza back into slavery.

The structure, and the nature of the hero, of "A Brazilian Tenement," lends the novel a picaresque flavor. Azevedo records the career of Romao by a series of episodes. The quality of existence in Romao's tenement is vividly realized in this fashion. There are, indubitably, sociological aspects of the panorama, especially in the "Brazilianizing" of the Portuguese, but they are subordinated to the intrinsic drama. "A Brazilian Tenement," the translator assures us, is "not to be taken as an accurate picture of the Brazil of today, for its epoch is that of a generation ago and neither slavery nor yellow fever now exists." Azevedo's story is significant because he has mastered the difficult art of progressing from the specific to the universal. Romao is a recognizable individual who is inevitably joined to the destiny of his personality, his times and his peculiar locale, yet he might almost stand as a personification of ruthless greed for possessions and material power. Dozens of lively sub-plots contribute to the primitive dash and fire of this splendid novel. Harry W. Brown has acquitted himself nobly in his translation.

SOUTH SEA PIRATES

THE VENGEANCE OF HURRICANE WILLIAMS. By Gordon Young. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $2.

THE character of this book is implicit in its title. One does not have to read a single line of the actual text to know that the story is no gentle one of cultivated drawing rooms, of delicate psychologizing and of hyper-civilized urbanity. Rather, one would expect to find the "broad and open spaces"; one would anticipate meeting heroes of the "rough-and-ready" variety, great brawny men with one hand on a revolver and the other lifted to support the imperiled damsel; one would look for heroines who were very beautiful and very naïve, very much in love with some lordly male and very much in the habit of getting themselves in dangerous predicaments.

And in all this one would not be disappointed. "The Vengeance of Hurricane Williams" is as lively a story as the title implies. From the moment when the curtain rises on Lele Island in the Carolines to the moment when it falls upon sunset waters and the wreck of the Neptune, there is scarcely an instant when something spectacular is not happening or in danger of happening. Pirates, cannibals and cutthroats are always in the foreground of the tale; and, indeed, pirates, cannibals and cutthroats are the essentials without which the tale could not proceed. The action is concerned with the capture of the Good Shepherd, a missionary ship that is overhauled by pirates who are even more murderous than their vocation requires; and while this occurs some time before the actual story opens, it constitutes one of the main elements in the plot, since three innocent men are falsely accused of participating in the atrocity and are hunted throughout the length and breadth of the South Seas. One of these men is none other than Hurricane Williams, the hero of the book, although we do not meet him in person until the tale is nearly half told; and the fact that he is thus falsely accused is particularly ironic, because he is forming a habit of being unjustly branded with crime. On the first occasion he even goes so far as to be hanged; but, in some way that the author does not take the trouble to describe in detail, he survives even this affliction, and almost lives to be hanged another day. Moreover, he lives to take a dire vengeance upon Lania du Beque, the woman who was once his wife and who is responsible for the hanging; and at the same time he triumphs over his old enemy Willerby, and so ends with good fortune such as few executed men have ever achieved.

After this summary, it would be superfluous to state that the story makes up in violence and melodrama for what it lacks in plausibility. It would be unfair to conclude, however, without reporting that the book is written somewhat more entertainingly than the average of its type; that it seems to have a firmer grip upon its characters and a more pronounced ability to give reality to particular scenes, so that on the whole it may be described as a fairly interesting tale of the conventional hair-raising type.

OBVIOUS SENTIMENTALITY

EAGER VINES. By Bonnie Busch. 304 pp. New York: W. J. Watt & Co. $2.

AT first one is inclined to feel sorry for a book that makes its appearance in the world under the handicap of a title like that of "Eager Vines"; after even a short perusal of the story one realizes that one's sympathy has been misplaced. The title of this novel by Bonnie Busch is far better than a large part of its contents.

We are informed that "the story has great heart interest—it shows the idle, selfish lives of the rich and the splendid amount of good they can accomplish, if they wish." In particular it concerns one Thalia Livingston, rich, cultured and sensitive, who in the first rush of youth has married one of the princes of Wall Street. Her husband is cruel, ruthless, vain, selfish—a typical moving-picture libertine; he tires of her, of course, within a few weeks after their marriage, and soon he begins to flout his various mistresses in his wife's eyes, confident that she, because of her Puritan upbringing, will not divorce him.

Thalia ponders for a while upon the barren emptiness of her life and finally decides to adopt a child. She visits an orphan asylum and, in a flood of sentimentality, adopts four children. This starts some real action; the author works up a certain amount of cheap excitement in the contrast of the four poor and ignorant children suddenly placed on an elegant Long Island estate. The husband ridicules the children, and Thalia turns him out of the house. Melodrama comes thicker and faster. Thalia discovers her soul mate in a rich dilettante who suddenly gives up his riotous living through the influence of the wholesome atmosphere that surrounds her adopted children; she has a heartrending struggle with her conscience on the divorce question; she obtains her divorce, but is unable to get up her nerve to marry the man she loves. Then comes a dramatic interlude when her divorced husband suddenly dies of apoplexy, leaving the Livingston millions for the foundation of an orphan asylum of which Thalia is to be the head. One of the heroine's adopted daughters takes an exciting trip in an airplane and returns engaged to be married. There follows a series of the conventional misunderstandings between lovers, followed by mad dashes across the continent by train and by airplane, in which there are heroic and sensational rescues from death, &c. It seems hardly necessary to mention the fact that the story has what is usually described as a happy ending.

TRIANGLE IN AFRICA

THE CRATER. By Robert Gore-Browne. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

THE ever-recurring background of Africa, which has found much favor in recent years in fiction, on the stage and the screen, is again present in "The Crater," a fair-to-middling novel by Robert Gore-Browne.

The story is of the conventional triangle type with the usual standardised ingredients, the plot, as it is unfurled, leaning strongly toward coincidence. The author, who apparently knows his Africa, has but lightly sketched his setting and has

(Continued on Page 24)

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Brief Reviews

FIRST AID TO TOURISTS

TRAVEL CHARTS AND TRAVEL CHATS. By Frederick L. Collins. 317 pp. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

THE publishers of this book must be acknowledged to have truth on their side when they assert on its wrapper that it is a new kind of guide book, and unlike any heretofore provided for the comfort and pleasure of wanderers abroad. The author says in his introduction that the more he travels the more he is "convinced that it is easier to find one's way through Europe than it is through a European guide book." And many a harassed and bewildered traveler will agree with him. So he has simplified his book and so arranged its contents as to make them as easy to understand as the alphabet and as easy to follow as one's nose. A good many people have already found them enjoyable and useful in the magazines in which they have been published, but this is their first appearance in book form.

There are sixteen chapters, each dealing with a European city or country. Each one is prefaced by a sketch map of the locality. Then follows a terse description of fifteen or twenty pages, written in a genial, conversational style but full of suggestions and information about what will be the most interesting things to do, of the city or the country to be toured. At its end comes the distinctive feature of the book, a diagram headed "What I Did and What It Cost Me," with crosswise sections for each day to be spent on this locality and vertical sections telling what to do in the morning, the afternoon and evening, where to get meals, general remarks and a discussion of costs. This chart makes possible a complete survey in a glance of the plans for as many days as are to be spent in the place.

General matters, including suggestions for easy comprehension of foreign money, tipping customs, taxis, and all manner of little things that the tourist so often wants to know, are collected beneath each chart. The little book will be in the nature of first aid for any tourist who carries it with him to Europe and will help him in many a difficulty as well as give him all the information he usually gets from larger and more complicated guides.

ROMANS IN BRITAIN

ROMAN LONDON. By Gordon Home. With a Chronology compiled by Edward Foord. Illustrated. 250 pp. New York: George H. Doran Company. $5.

THE author of this fascinating volume shows an unusual combination of mental powers—the critical acumen of the scholar, the zest and ability in research of the archaeological investigator, and the imagination and skill in the use of words of the successful writer. He is an archaeologist who has specialized in the Roman occupation of Britain, and a previous book on the Romans in York has won much praise in England. One quickly finds in "Roman London" how wide and searching has been his investigation and how critical has been his study of every item, whether new or long accepted, that will help toward the building up of some conception of the ancient city that was the centre of Roman rule in Britain. Every now and then he discards some generally believed factor of that story, but never without careful, and usually convincing, presentation of the facts and arguments that have led him to some other belief. Thus, he refutes the general acceptation of the origin of the name of London. He finds it to be of purely Celtic derivation and to have been so ancient and so deeply rooted that even the Romans could not displace it by the official title of Augusta which they sought to bestow upon it, and he thinks that "the only conclusion to which it is possible to arrive is that the twin hills beside the Thames formed, at some remote period, the possession, and, doubtless, the stronghold of a person or family bearing the name of Londinos."

Mr. Home makes a very interesting outline picture of what London and its surroundings were probably like when Cæsar invaded Britain and of how they developed during the century that followed and ended with the conquest by Claudius. There is a popular impression that the followers of Queen Boudicca—who used to be called Boadicea—were barbarians with painted bodies and savage instincts belonging to the old Stone Age of civilization. But Mr. Home rather shatters that belief and he shows that if the warrior-queen's followers were somewhat ferocious they were no worse than had been some of the Roman officers and soldiers whose conduct had caused the revolt.

Picturing the development of London during the later years, from the quelling of the revolt of the Britons in 60 A. D., to the last vestige of Roman influence, in the middle of the fifth century, Mr. Home constantly, as he does also in the earlier period, links developments in England with such events in Rome and elsewhere in the Roman Empire as had influence upon them. As he tells it, the story of London during those five centuries is a vivid, colorful tale. His pen puts vitality, human interest, human feeling, into that long-ago life and makes the people who lived it near akin to our neighbors of today, and even to ourselves. He tells about the road system of which Londinium was the centre, about the city's defenses, public life, streets, shops, homes, temples, amusements, public baths, religion, private life and other matters that gave it distinctive character. He thinks that in the middle of the fourth century it probably had as many as 100,000 inhabitants, while in wealth, influence and commercial importance its growth had then been steady for three hundred years.

THE CONSUMERS' LEAGUE

THE STORY OF AN EPOCH-MAKING MOVEMENT. By Maud Nathan. Forewords by the Hon. Newton D. Baker, Mary Anderson and Edward A. Filene. 248 pp. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.50.

THE title of this book makes an imposing claim for the influence of the Consumers' League, whose story it tells. But Mrs. Nathan, who has been, from the birth of the league, one of its most important workers, shows that her title is justified. That justification affords the most forceful of reasons why the volume should have wide reading. For the story of what the Consumers' League has accomplished and of the methods by which it has achieved its amazing results proves the importance and the potential power in social and industrial affairs of that meek, long-suffering and always complaining person, the Ultimate Consumer. In a chapter in the beginning and in another toward the end of her history Mrs. Nathan contrasts the conditions in commercial life in New York City thirty-five years ago, when the league was just coming into being, with those of today. For those whose memories do not reach back so far or need to be jogged or whose knowledge does not compass the facts in the case, the compared pictures will be startling. But Mrs. Nathan does not claim for the Consumers' League all the credit for the marvelous change which has been brought about.

> But I do feel [she says] that I am not claiming too much in asserting that to the Consumers' League must be paid the tribute of having aroused dormant public conscience. It has made clear a sense of personal responsibility in the economic world, and it has created and crystallized a public opinion in the community which makes for high standards. Because of this, I feel justified in calling it an epoch-making movement.

Mrs. Nathan tells very well indeed the story of the birth and growth of the movement in this country, the methods that were used, the gradual response of the public to the league's purposes and the slow but sure winning over of manufacturers and merchants to the standard it wished them to recognize. There is a chapter also on the establishment of similar organizations in several European countries. The narrative is always interesting, for the author feels deeply on her subject, knows the value of illustrative anecdote and is quick to appreciate a dramatic situation. While the body of the book contains all the facts that the ordinary reader needs for adequate understanding of the movement, those who want more copious detail will find it in the appendices, which fill almost half the volume and contain reports, lists of officers, resolutions, forms of agreement and similar matter concerning national, State, foreign and international organizations.

Indicative of the vitality of the league's central idea is the fact that both the author and one of her in-

(Continued on Page 38)

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Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Page 22)

failed to create the details necessary to make the atmosphere convincing. Nor is the plot sufficiently interwoven with locality so that it could exist only in its own setting—Central Africa, with its monotony, its heat and fever and its strange exotic beauty. The story could easily be changed to New York or London or a midwestern town without any integral loss.

Moreover, the book is loosely knit and lacks sufficient minor incidents to lead up to the larger climaxes. The characters, too, are molded after well-defined patterns and are presented in a wholly external, journalistic fashion, possessing surface rather than inner reality. At no moment does the reader feel that they are motivated by some powerful, compelling fate entirely beyond their control or understanding.

In spite of the stock situations and characters, however, the author has managed to create a certain amount of suspense, and as long as it attends to the business in hand the book is, in spite of its obvious shortcomings, a readable and interesting adventure romance after its kind. The story, which is related to the author by one Ross on board a steamer bound from Africa to Europe, concerns the Sinclairs, Archie and Norah, and their adventure in post-war Africa, where they fled because Norah preferred Central Africa to existence in Edinburgh as the wife of a member of the Scottish bar. "If," she said, "I can't be in London, I'd rather be in Jericho or Tierra del Fuego than in a boasted provincial town."

More particularly it is the oft-repeated tale of the bored wife who succumbs to the blandishments of the handsome stranger. One night, two years after their arrival in Africa, the excessive boredom of their solitary existence palls more than usually on Norah's overwrought nerves and she flares up at Archie's placid acceptance of existing conditions.

The next morning Norah finds a note from Archie stating that he has started for Elizabethville on cattle business. If instead of holding his tongue, Archie had told her that he was going to Elizabethville to sell his heifers so that he could take her back to England, there would have been no story to tell. Instead, he left only his brief note and Norah ran off with Dick Ward, whom she had met during the war and who arrived on the scene the very day that Archie left.

It follows that the lake steamer, carrying the eloping couple to civilization breaks down; they are left stranded on the shore with little food and no ammunition, and then they come upon Archie, returning from a hunting trip, unaware that Norah has left him in spite of the fact that, previously, she had sent him a letter telling him of her decision. Subsequent events relate Norah's decision to return to Archie; Ward's death at Archie's hands; the return to Abercorn, where Archie sends a confession to the D. C.; Norah's theft of the confession from the D. C.'s desk and finally her "inspired" lie where she convinces Archie that he shot Ward in self-defense.

KING NEBUCHADNEZZAR

IN THE PALACE OF AMUHIA. By Florence Willingham Pickard. 219 pp. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

IN the preface to her latest novel, "In the Palace of Amuhia," Florence Willingham Pickard throws an interesting sidelight on how closely this book missed publication. It seems that, in 1918, Mrs. Pickard, who was then living at Mercer University, where her husband was President, sent the manuscript by her daughter, Mrs. I. B. Harrison, to New York to be re-typewritten. She, thinking it would be safer to bring the book to her mother rather than send it, packed it in her suitcase and took the boat to Macon via Savannah. This boat, the City of Athens, was rammed by a French man-of-war in a fog, went down, and Mrs. Harrison was among the few saved. The manuscript, of which this was the only copy, went to the bottom of the ocean. Several years later, however, a rough draft of the story was discovered in a packing case of books, and from it the present version was re-compiled.

"In the Palace of Amuhia" deals with that picturesque subject which has already tempted many a writer: that of Nebuchadnezzar and the prophet Daniel. Mrs. Pickard tells the age-old story in a simple, almost immature fashion. Many of the chapters end on a religious platitude which is intended to point a moral although it may not adorn the tale. The book, however, is a logical compendium for collateral reading in Old Testament history and will doubtless find a place in many Sunday school libraries.

In fiction, the favorite wife of King Nebuchadnezzar apparently changes her name and her characteristics according to each new writer's fancy. In this particular case, she is one Amuhia, daughter of Astiages, King of Media, who has been added as a seal to her father's allegiance to the ruler of Babylon.

Amuhia is a most exacting person in her requirements as to what constitutes a husband. She wants

> a brave man, one that could lead a great army to battle and who would not fear flying arrows though often hit * * * gentle and tender, treating his wife as an equal, not as his inferior. She must be her husband's only love, for she only asks of him what he demands of her. * * * What Amuhia desires in her lord is a man who can control himself before he commands others, noble and great in soul, so unselfish that he never thinks of self save to make himself a better man; so loyal to his kingdom that he would lay down his life for the good of his people, so true to his marriage vows that nothing could entice him to be false to the wife of his bosom; a man who, though laborious to the task, ever seeks to uplift and bless his nation. * * * He must eschew baseness, for Amuhia can love only that man whose soul is filled with that which is good and noble.

With such drastic demands made upon his connubial standard, Nebuchadnezzar, who was sometimes less than a man and once, at least, more than a beast, falls short of the mark. Therefore, Amuhia, though always the loyal and faithful wife, does not love her royal mate; but finds all the perfections she craves in Daniel. He, being vowed to God, looks upon no woman with the eyes of desire.

Worship of Nature

(Continued from Page 15)

necessary that such gods and goddesses must not be "disguised in drink." So through Phylarchos we learn that the Greeks when sacrificing to the sun never brought wine to the altars—lest Helios the beneficent should take a cup or so too many and play the deuce with the world when he started his team in the morning. Only sober sacrifices of honey and milk were offered at the "sober altars" of the Sun and Aesculapius and Memory.

The same phenomenon observed in Nature has induced similar fancies among nations absolutely different one from the other as to place, language and past. Thus the hero or demigod who ascends to heaven on a ladder of cobweb is found in the myths of more than one American nation, while on the upper Zambesi among the African Barotse there is a sky god called Niambe who found mankind so thoroughly depraved that he returned to heaven by way of a spider's web. This very widespread notion of the hopeless wickedness of early men includes the legend of the flood which the Jews found among the Babylonians and incorporated with their own primitive lore.

Of late we have evidence that photographs of half-caste blacks, taken in the nude for the Government to illustrate studies in anthropology, were used as documents in a lawsuit to establish moral turpitude on the part of the scientist who had them made. Sir James Frazer cites a fashion that starts the case for clothes or no clothes which perhaps Carlyle would have enjoyed. The Jaluo, a tribe inhabiting the vicinity of Lake Victoria Nyanza, considers the wearing of clothes immoral, perhaps reasoning after the Doukhobor method. Though the mornings and evenings are cold in their hilly land they go stark naked. Those who return from visits to other tribes where clothes are the fashion are sternly ordered to discard such vulgar shams. They maintain that clothes are indecent. The early Quaker enthusiasts who shocked our Colonial fathers so profoundly by their airy garb must have reasoned it out along the same lines.

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JUNE ISSUE OUT TUESDAY

Current Magazines

IN The Arts for May is an article by Charles Downing Lay on "Science and Art," which consigns all scientists to the outer darkness of Philistia. The scientist, it seems, is utterly incapable of appreciating art. In the words of Mr. Lay,

> Science and art are far as the poles asunder. One cannot serve art and science too. We hoped once that science would help art, be a useful handmaiden to lighten the work of the artist, but it was the hope of a nightmare—not of a waking moment. It is the function of science to codify, to catalog, to systematize, but the artist is beyond these things and free. No sooner is a musical scale fixed, a rule of harmony and rhythm stated, than the artist wearies of it and hears new rhythms and new harmonies in old discords. He gets, perhaps, from the banging of a dishpan an emotion which pleases him, and it is of no consequence if the scientist proves it to be an unmusical sound, too full of overtones for pure and cultivated sensuousness to enjoy.
>
> In painting it is the same—the artist sees new ways to paint old pictures, discards perspective if he likes, and refuses to be bound to what the photograph tells of movement. Of anatomy he need know no more than what everyone knows of his own body.

This, to be sure, explains many things, but it fails to tell us who is to decide who are the artists. Is any one privileged to bang upon dishpans and demand that the resulting sound be accepted as music? And may any person who chooses to do so smear paint upon canvas and insist that it is art? If that is what Mr. Lay means, he contradicts himself in another paragraph, where he says:

> The qualities which are necessary to a great picture are few and unknown to scientists. They are a vitality of organization, which makes us feel at once that they are quick, not dead; reasonableness of arrangement, permitting rapid perception; suitability of color, which stimulates or pleases; together conveying through the eye a message which tells us no less surely than the quiver of a lip or the shrug of a shoulder that there is a personality there, and last of all a thrill of joy surging through us which makes us know that it is beautiful.

Now the banging of a dishpan or the painting of distorted landscapes and human figures can hardly be said to send "a thrill of joy surging through us," unless by "us" Mr. Lay means those who share his views on art. In that case one might as well go back to the old formula, "If you like that sort of thing, it's just the sort of thing you'd like."

Other articles in this number of The Arts are "A Trans-Atlantic Chronicle," by Virgil Barker; "Robert Laurent," by Helen Appleton Read; "Jean Duvet," by William M. Ivins Jr.; "The Paris Independents and Other Notes," by Jacques Mauny; "The Art of the Films," by Quinn Martin; "The Dancing of Angna Enters," by Louis Kalonyme; "New York Exhibitions," by L. G.; "Berlin Notes," by C. Adolph Glassgold, and book reviews by Alan Burroughs, Jacques Mauny, Harold Sterner and L. G.

Beginning with the May issue, the magazine World Trade will contain each month under the heading "Opportunities for Foreign Trade," inquiries from responsible merchants and manufacturers in all parts of the world setting forth their wants and their facilities for supplying the wants of business men in other countries. These inquiries are printed in English, Spanish, French and German, and classified according to the countries from which they come. The May number contains also an editorial, "Hitting on All Four," by Berton T. Woodle; an article on "Italy Under Mussolini," by His Excellency Baron Nobile Giacomo de Martino, Italian Ambassador to the United States; "Canada and the Gold Standard," by Donald M. Marvin, B. A., Ph. D.; "The Spanish-American Commercial Situation," by J. M. Betancourt Sucre, Consul General at Barcelona for the United States of Venezuela; International Trade Developer Staff Reports from a dozen different commercial centres in various parts of the world, and numerous short articles of interest to those engaged in foreign trade.

The May issue of The Connoisseur, a magazine for collectors, contains an article on "Ship Models in the Collection of Colonel Henry H. Rogers," by Henry B. Culver, Secretary and one of the founders of the Ship Model Society in New York. The article is profusely illustrated with photographs of authentic scale models of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In addition to several full-page color plates and the usual sales records and critical comments, this issue contains "Nebot and Boitard; Notes on Two Early Topographical Painters," by C. H. Collins Baker; "Treasure Chests," by Major C. T. P. Bailey; "Carved Nuts and Fruit Stones," by Mrs. F. Nevill Jackson, and Early American Silver Shown at the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.," by C. L. Avery. William Farquhar Payson is now editor of the American portion of The Connoisseur.

McClure's has changed hands again. It is now published by International Publications, Inc., and edited by Arthur McKeogh. The June issue opens with an editorial, "I Am Old and I Am Young," sketching the history of the old McClure's and outlining the policy of the new. That policy is suggested, too, in the magazine's subtitle, "The Magazine of Romance." A "prelude" by Booth Tarkington entitled "The First Story Ever Told" tells how romance came into the world and why it has survived. Man, according to Mr. Tarkington,

> can get along without history, and in his lower stages usually does get along without it; he can get along with very little or very vague religion, or even no religion, and with no science; but he cannot get along without romance. The reason behind the reason is that romance is man's easiest way to think about himself.

The fiction in this issue includes the opening instalment of a serial, "Summer Bachelors," by the mysterious Warner Fabian; two long short stories, "Big Eyes and Little Mouth," by Elliott White Springs, and "Little Old Mother," by Mildred Cram, and short stories by Rayner Seelig, Helen Bishop, Arthur Stringer, Helen Ormsbee, Ben Hecht, Josephine Bentham, Carl Clausen, Edward J. Doherty, Octavus Roy Cohen, Grace Perkins, Achmed Abdullah and Katherine Brush. The features are "That McClure Girl," by John Held Jr.; "The Love Doctors," by Mrs. M. and Mr. H.; "When We Bootleg Our Clothes," by Harry W. Haenigsen, and "This Is Station R-O-X-Y," by S. L. Rothafel ("Roxy"). There is also the announcement of a $25,000 prize novel contest to be conducted jointly by McClure's, Cosmopolitan Book Corporation and Cosmopolitan Productions. Any writer who has not had more than three novels published in book form is eligible to compete for the prize. The contest opens June 1, 1926, and closes Jan. 1, 1927. Further particulars of the contest may be had by writing to the Editors, McClure's Prize Novel Contest, 119 West Fortieth Street, New York City.

In his department, "The Listener's Point of View," in Radio Broadcast for June, John Wallace discusses the question "Why It Is Difficult to be Funny Over the Radio." He suggests as one reason that

> the radio audience differs from the theatre audience in that it is not a "crowd." It presents no "group mind" to the radio entertainer, and hence is a difficult thing to deal with. We refuse to laugh at a radio wise-crack for perhaps much the same reason that we don't laugh out loud at a funny paper we are reading in the street car. The contagion that sweeps a laugh through a vaudeville house is denied the listener-in.

This is a very real difficulty and one which applies to some extent to being funny in print and would apply still more were it not for the fact that the man who finds something funny in a newspaper or a book feels an almost irresistible impulse to read it aloud to some one else. Fun, to be fully appreciated, must be shared. This issue of Radio Broadcast contains articles on various aspects of radio by Edgar H. Felix, J. H. Morecroft, Keith Henney, Stanley W. Todd, Howard E. Rhodes, Sid Goodwin, Carl Dreher, Lawrence W. Corbett, Walter Van B. Roberts, E. G. Shalkhauser and Harold Joliffe.

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Brief Reviews

(Continued from Page 23)

troducers see a future of possibilities opening before it even greater than the results it has already achieved. Mrs. Nathan envisages its development as bringing to bear in the solving of industrial problems the power of the public by the organization of consumers and the throwing of their influence on the side of right and justice. If it continues to carry on its distinctive work of quickening the individual conscience and developing the group conscience she feels sure that its potential power will have no limit. Edward A. Filene, in his foreword, points out what a great work awaits the Consumers' League if it will "now set itself to eliminate the wastes in production and distribution of our modern business system," and so help to make that system "an instrument of social progress."

THE THRIFTY CITIZEN

FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE: HOW TO WIN IT. By Harvey A. Blodgett. 222 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

A GOODLY sized library could be made out of the "how-to" books that have swarmed from printing presses during the last few years—books that have told the reader with all the eloquent convincingness of the good salesman how he could all but perfect himself in mind, or memory, or person, or dress, or social usage, or golf, or many another factor of a successful and happy existence. But Mr. Blodgett is quite sure that his is the first volume to instruct a waiting audience in how to achieve financial independence, the first to lay down simple principles for the gaining of something that everybody wants. He maintains that the steps on the road that leads to financial success are simple and that they follow one another in logical sequence. He drafts such a set of principles at the beginning of his book and then develops each one in a separate chapter, arranging them so that each follows its predecessor logically and leads up to its successor. Here are his principles, in the order in which he places them:

Decide to become independent.
Learn to think straight and plan.
Master the art of saving.
Master the art of spending.
Guard against waste.
Cultivate the habit of industry.
Go into debt wisely.
Establish a connection with a good bank.
Use saved capital for profit.
Conserve capital after acquiring it.

Each one of these principles is treated in a separate chapter, with argument, advice and suggestions set forth in pithy, concise, short sentences and couched in language that carries the urge of conviction. If Mr. Blodgett had suffered utmost misery for lack of such advice as he gives he could not voice it now with greater earnestness and deeper desire to convince than are manifest throughout his book. He does not claim originality for his ten fundamental principles, saying that Benjamin Franklin touched upon most of them in his writings on thrift and that since his time millions of people have applied them, wholly or in part. But he believes that never before have they been brought together into a complete formula for the achieving of financial success, each step in its proper sequence and the whole developed into a succinct body of advice.

HERTHA AYRTON

HERTHA AYRTON, 1854-1923. A Memoir. By Evelyn Sharp. Illustrated. 300 pp. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $5.50.

ENDOWED with notable gifts for scientific research and invention, Hertha Ayrton seems to have fallen somewhat short of her possible achievements because her many interests in life led to the dissipation of her energies. Nevertheless, she won renown in several ways. While she was still in her twenties, in those later Victorian days which still looked askance on women who did unusual things, she invented a line-divider of such value that she was invited by learned societies to read papers about it. Her success led her to decide upon a scientific career, toward which all her desires had been tending, and later on she became an authority on the electric arc, carried on many investigations into electric phenomena, and among other honors received one of the Royal Society's gold medals—the first ever granted to a woman—for original research.

The story of her life is told by Evelyn Sharp in interesting style, with much engaging detail about the friendships and surroundings of her young womanhood during the decades of the '70s and '80s, when the Victorian Age was in its finest autumnal splendor and Mrs. Ayrton, before and after her marriage, numbered among her friends many of its most brilliant men and women. Among them were George Eliot and J. H. Lewes, and it was generally believed that young Miss Marks, as she was then, had more or less served the novelist as a model for her character of Mirah in "Daniel Deronda." The Bellocs were also among her friends, and Miss Sharp quotes a poem written by Hilaire Belloc, then at the age of seven years, which Miss Marks had copied and preserved among her papers. In the middle '80s the budding young scientist married Professor W. E. Ayrton, under whom she was carrying on her scientific studies, and thereafter domestic, social, motherhood and humanitarian duties interfered somewhat with her scientific purposes and ambitions. But in the early years of this century she made some investigations in the subject of sand ripples that led to new honors and much scientific attention from the Royal Society and the British Association. During the war she invented the "Ayrton fan" which was used at the front and saved many soldiers from gas-poisoning.

Mrs. Ayrton's achievements and personality make her well worthy of this biography, which Miss Sharp has written with admirable detachment notwithstanding her long friendship with its subject. No small part of its interest comes from the contrasts implicit between the accounts of Mrs. Ayrton's earliest achievements and surroundings, when the ideas of the Victorian Age concerning women ruled both society and science, and those of her later years in the freedom of the twentieth century.

POPULATION PROBLEMS

POPULATION PROBLEMS IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. Edited by Louis I. Dublin. The fifth publication of the Polak Foundation for Economic Research. 318 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

PROFESSORS of economics, statisticians, Government officials, directors of food and of labor, geologists, anthropologists all lift their voices in this book to discuss how we are to feed, clothe and house our multiplying millions. The nineteen resultant papers of this symposium give their findings. Their views do not always dovetail exactly, but they do agree on many salient points. Some of them offer remedies, others just generalize, none is influenced by sentiment.

A professor of sociology of the University of Iowa inserts a table showing that the first American census, that of 1610, totaled but 210 souls, scattered in a narrow fringe along the Atlantic seaboard. By way of contrast, another contributor is of the opinion that there be those living today who may yet see a populous United States of 250,000,000 people. And the laboratory doctors, by their recent discoveries, are prolonging life, it may be too efficiently.

Still it would seem that there are several factors to offset this prolixity. Chief among them are birth control, the new restrictive immigration law, the sterility of the negro and the high rate of infant mortality where the mother is a business woman. College graduates, banker's and broker's wives are having few children, was brought out by the investigation. It is the foreign born, the country folk who are our busiest reproducers, declare all the experts in chorus.

But the note of warning is sounded none the less of the dangers of overcrowding. Food production, we read on the pessimistic pages of this volume, cannot forever keep pace with human reproduction.

It is a Canadian statistician who offers the silver lining. The Dominion has not been worked dry. She has large tracts of virginal wilderness left and is encouraging immigration, particularly wanting farmers and domestic servants. Happily in our own case no labor shortage has yet been discerned because of the new law affecting alien entry. And the good old American strain is not deteriorating either, mentally or physically, from the polyglot blending to which it has been subjected.

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Notes on Rare Books

VERY little is known of William Parks, who was the first to establish a permanent printing office in Virginia, and whose first or second production was "Typographia, An Ode, On Printing," Williamsburg, 1730. Collectors of Americana will be very glad, therefore, to have an opportunity to study his work through a photographic facsimile of the "Ode." This has been issued in attractive format under the auspices of the American Institute of Graphic Arts, as the twenty-first of its "Keepsakes," and contributed by the Stone Printing and Manufacturing Company of Roanoke, Va. The moving spirit behind this reproduction was Mr. Edward L. Stone, who, in his studies in Virginiana, found that the only copy of the original edition of "Typographia" was in the John Carter Brown Library. His enthusiasm for the project of reproducing this interesting trifle led him to set up the preliminary pages "after twenty-five years' absence from the case," to quote from his letter sending this book. These preliminaries include a concise and very clear introduction, written by Mr. E. G. Swem (librarian, William and Mary College) relating to Parks and to that J. Markland who was the author of the "Ode."

The reproduction of this poem shows that Parks was a most able printer, "who established," to quote Mr. Swem, "amidst many difficulties in an isolated colony a high standard of craftsmanship in his art. * * *" It is printing of a kind familiar to students of eighteenth century English printing of the better type. It was the first book printed in the American Colonies relating to the art of printing. In his dedication to Gooch, Governor of Virginia, the author states that the "Ode" "occasion'd by the setting up a Printing-Press in Williamsburg, justly claims a Title to some Share of Your Protection, as the Subject-Matter of it, the Art of PRINTING, Owes to You its Patronage and Encouragement * * *" The "Ode" is, naturally, a eulogy of the Governor.

Five hundred and fifteen copies of the book have been printed for presentation to the members of the American Institute of Graphic Arts and 355 for private disposal. It is a well-made book which collectors and students will justly value. We do think that the pages before the introduction are a little casual in arrangement and that they do not conform with the typographical excellence of the rest of the volume. But that opinion does not coincide with that of a number of students in these matters, for Mr. Stone generously wrote us a long letter in which excerpts are given of praise of this volume by such distinguished commentators as Mr. L. C. Wroth, Mr. E. G. Swem and Mr. Edmund G. Gress.

***

THROUGH the courtesy of Mr. Charles F. Heartman of Metuchen, N. J., auctioneer, bibliographer, editor of The Americana Collector and contributor to its "Arguments," we have received a series of pamphlets recently published by him which provide little excursions into the side paths of bibliography or literature. Some of these are sufficiently dull and uninspired to have suggested restraint rather than publication, but it is difficult to convince authors of the reasonableness of such assertions.

Among these brochures is "Bibliotheca Titanicana: A List of Books Relating to the Loss of S. S. Titanic," by Howard M. Chapin. Mr. and Mrs. Chapin were on the rescue ship Carpathia, and Mrs. Chapin took the only known photograph of the iceberg with which the Titanic collided. This is almost indistinguishable in the very poor reproduction used as a frontispiece to this bibliography. The list of books and pamphlets are those in Mr. Chapin's library. "Out of a possible forty-three items," says the preface, "the collection contains thirty-nine. Of the four lacking, two are variant editions struck from the same type and one is a Swedish edition of an American work."

There seems to be no particular interest or value in this bibliography, and we are curious to know why a bibliographer such as Mr. Chapin should fail even to mention Conrad's two pamphlets on the loss of the Titanic, both 1919. Fifty copies of this bagatelle have been printed.

Slight as is the next of these pamphlets, "An Unwritten Drama of Lord Byron, by Washington Irving," it is of genuine literary value and interesting enough to deserve preservation in this form. This is its first separate publication. It is here introduced by Dr. T. O. Mabbott, who says of it:

> Brief as the article is, it concerns so many famous writers that it must have an extraordinary interest for students and collectors and in several fields of scholarship. Calderon, Byron, Shelley and Irving are, indeed, names to fire the imagination, and to them may be added that of Edgar Allan Poe. Frequently it has been suggested that the source of Poe's tale of conscience, William Wilson, was to be found in a drama of Calderon's, but as frequently the reply has been made, "Washington Irving sought in vain for that drama in the Spanish libraries—how could Poe have seen it in America?" For in Irving's biographies there are references to his search for the play, though not to this article in which he described it. But this discovery of [this] article sets at rest all other theories as to Poe's source.

***

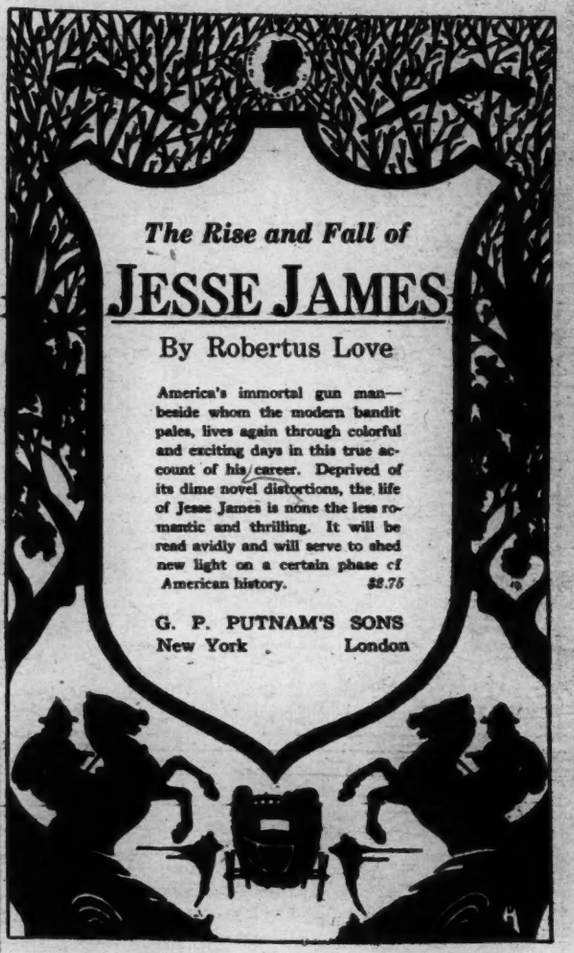
MR. OSCAR WEGELIN has contributed "A Bibliography of the Separate Writings of John Esten Cooke," which Mr. Heartman has printed as No. 42 in his "Historical Series," in an edition of fifty-one copies. This is an unadorned bibliography of thirty-four numbers, and any one curious about the history of Cooke—and some may be—will derive no comfort from this bibliography. By inference, however, he is referred to the woodcut portrait frontispiece. On this he may speculate, for nothing else bibliographical is submitted. An author so obscure as John Esten Cooke arouses our curiosity. His portrait seems to indicate that he was a handsome gentleman, with a flourishing mustache and an exquisite goatee.

He looks like the grandfather of "Civic Virtue." No perfect lady could have come to any harm by looking into his novels. By dint of a little research we found out that he was born in 1830 and died in 1886. Illuminating evidence of his greatness is offered by the fact that in 1854, when he was 24, he published two novels (in three volumes) and "The Youth of Jefferson." He was, then, either a youthful genius or our dates are wrong. In the remaining thirty-two years of his life he produced with clockwork regularity about thirty biographies, and undoubtedly numerous whatnots not included in Mr. Wegelin's bibliography, such as, say, a diary, letters to his friends, letters to the newspapers and contributions on arts and sciences to any paying journal. If he was married time must betaken out for his "hostages to fortune." Obviously he was a busy man, and the titles of his books seem to indicate that he was a romanticist as well. It is safe to assume, therefore, that he addressed the "Ladies' Thursday Nights Club" and attended the best social functions. We shall yet be able to know something of this enigmatical author by the process of deduction from the meagre details afforded in this bibliography. Mr. Wegelin's biographical reticence about him indicates that he must be well known to Mr. Wegelin. We would not be thought encouraging in such bibliographies as these. Indeed, we look with dread upon the thought that some one may be inspired to drag all the American "literary" obscurities who effused between 1850 and 1880 into the bibliographical limelight. That adds a new terror to our work.

***

THE last of Mr. Heartman's four pamphlets, or rather the last for which we reached, is "The Aliens, by Humphrey Marshall," with an introduction by Joseph Jackson. This is No. 42 in the "Historical Series," limited to forty copies. Marshall is well known to Americanists by his "History of Kentucky," and to others by the fact that he fought a duel with Henry Clay. He is intimately associated with the early history of Kentucky and was a member of that convention which drafted its Constitution.

Whatever other virtues Marshall may have had, he was not a poet, as we know poets. But his "poem" which was occasioned by the Alien bill before the Senate, May 15, 1798, accords in philosophy with progressive modern thought. He advocated Americanization of the alien within our borders rather than his deportation. McMaster in his "History" quotes one stanza with the comment that, "save as a literary curiosity, it is worthless."



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(Continued on Page 31)

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QUERIES

"Patterns of Our Lives"

M. O.—I found the following verse in a book of my father's after his death and, as he wrote a great many poems, I am wondering if this is one of his own creation. If it is a quotation I should like to know the source and author.

There are patterns of our lives in the wondrous looms of Time,
We can wreck them with our strife, or their beauty make sublime.
As the shuttle we shall fail, or the shuttle we shall throw,
So the precious features fade, or their glories brighter glow.
When the tracing we behold, and the weaving all is through,
With its crimson and its gold; with its tintings, brown and blue,
We shall miss the strands that dropped when the shuttle didn't go.
We shall wish we hadn't stopped, when the threads were needed so.
Let us interweave His mercies with a grateful constant hand,
Let us work the Master's purpose until release at His command.

"Hill and Vale"

F. B. R.—Would you help me identify the following:

On vale and hill, in nook and rill,
Where birds anon will gayly trill
Spring comes softly creepin'.

"The Unborn"

V. L. N.—Would you please tell me where to find the poem entitled "To My Unborn Son," by Captain Cyril Horne. Several lines are: "Flesh of her flesh, and blood of her blood, by heaven we'll make you a man."

"My Future"

E. W. G.—Can you help me locate the following verses and tell me if they are complete as I quote them?

Until last night
I looked my future in the face, a thing
Dispassionate and cold—as chiselled out
As a pale statue, made by some dead hand,
Which no disturbing element, no doubt,
Could trouble, or delight.
I could dismiss
The little fears that harassed, and the joys
That knocked at my sealed heart; the vague unrest
That trembled near me; but today, my world
Is quivering with lightnings unsuppressed—
Waked by your kiss.

"Mother"

E. F. M.—For years I have tried to locate a poem which, I believe, was entitled "Mother," and began something like this:

She never touched with skilful hands, the canvas
And left a picture that the world might frame.

"Brute Despair"

J. M. M.—Many years ago I found some extracts from two poems which I wish to locate. One was:

The brute despair of trampled centuries
Burst up with a hoarse yell and broke its bonds;
Groped for its rights with bony callous hands,
And stared about for God with bloodshot eyes.

The other was:

Did he mean what he said, or was he only mad with the pain?
Had the stinging, racking pain touched his brain
And, when reason comes back again, he will wish the words unsaid?

"William Rufus"

E. O. H.—Where can I find the poem "William Rufus II, King of England," who was killed by a comrade's arrow while hunting?

"From Childhood Up"

C. B. J.—Can any one recall the author's name and the title of the poem that contains these lines:

In the old house where we grew
From childhood up, the days were dreams,
The Summer had unwonted gleams,
The sun a warmer radiance threw
Upon a stair. Alas, it seems
All difference in the new!

"Simplified Spelling"

L. F.—At the time that President Roosevelt was advocating simplified spelling there appeared some verses containing these lines:

I'll show you how to spel; it's very easy,
Spel as you spik, and—the dictionary!
But, as it happens, Boston and New York
Make very different noises when they tork.
Chicago, Tallahassee, Kalamazoo
Have many different ways of speaking, too.

I would be glad to have the entire poem which, I think, appeared in a newspaper.

"Seas Uncrossable"

J. L. D.—Who can help me locate the poem that contains these lines? I want to know the author of them also.

Do you know any seas they say are uncrossable,
Do you know of any mountains
They can't tunnel thru?
We specialize in the wholly impossible
Doing the things that nobody can do.

"Madder Music"

L. P.—Can any one tell me where I may find the following and by whom it was written:

I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,
But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire,
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara! The night is thine;
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire;
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion—

"The Country Doctor"

E. G. H.—I would like to have a copy of Will Carleton's "The Country Doctor." Would some one kindly tell me where to obtain one?

"Pilgrims Bound for Mecca"

M. M. F.—Would some one please tell me by whom these lines were written?

To die be given us, or attained!
Fierce work it were to do again.
So pilgrims bound for Mecca prayed
At burning noon, so warriors said,
Scarfed with the cross, who watched the miles
Of dust that wreathed their struggling files
Down Lydian mountains; so, when snows
Round Alpine summits eddying rose,
The Goth bound Rome-wards, so the Hun
Crouched on his saddle while the sun
Went lurid down on flooded plains
To the drear Euxione; so pray all those
Whom labors, self ordained, enthralled
Because they to themselves propose
On this side the all common close
A goal, which gained, may give repose.

ANSWERS

"Beyond"

MISS ROSE W. TERRY, Long Island, N. Y.—The poem by my cousin, Rose Terry Cooke, asked for by C. R. in your issue of May 9, is in a volume of her poems published by William S. Gottsberger, New York, 1888. As this work is probably out of print I am sending the complete poem herewith.

BEYOND.
Rose Terry Cooke.

The stranger wandering in the Switzer's land,
Before its awful mountain tops afraid—
Who yet, with patient toil, hath gained his stand,
On the bare summit where all life is stayed.

Sees far, far down, beneath his blood-dimmed eyes,
Another country, golden to the shore,
Where a new passion and new hopes arise,
Where Southern blooms unfold forevermore.

And I, lone sitting by the twilight blaze,
Think of another wanderer in the snows,
And on more perilous mountain-tops I gaze,
Than ever frowned above the vine and rose.

Yet, courage, soul! nor hold thy strength in vain,
In hope o'ercome the steeps God set for thee;
For past the Alpine summits of great pain
Lieth thine Italy.

Miss Louella D. Everett, Boston, Mass., also contributed a copy of this poem. One has been forwarded to our correspondent.

"God's Loving Face"

GEORGE D. CHESSON, Springfield, Mass.—Referring to the query of E. F. E. in your issue of April 25, the lines:

Eye hath not seen,
Ear hath not heard, nor can the human heart
These joys conceive, which blissful heritage,
Christ for His faithful votaries prepares

are from the poem "Heaven," by Samuel Hayes (England, 1775), from "Hymns of Ages" (first, second and third series), J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

"Rip Van Winkle"

EDWIN A. MADIGIN, Rockville Center, N. Y.—Enclosed find the poem wanted by K. G. W. in your issue of May 2, which I have copied from a child's picture book printed in 1889. The poem is entitled "Rip Van Winkle" and the author is George F. Webster. It is an extremely long poem and Mr. Madigin has contributed a hand-written copy of it, which has been typed and forwarded to our correspondent. It begins:

Near to a town in a cottage small
Lived Rip Van Winkle known to all,
As a harmless, lazy, drinking loud,
Who never would work, but roamed about.
Always ready with jest and song,
Idling, tippling, all day long.

"Her Annuity"

GEORGE L. CHESSON, Springfield, Mass.—Referring to the request of A. T. W. in your issue of May 2 in regard to the Scotch poem "Her Annuity," it was written by George Outram, born in the vicinity of Glasgow in 1805, who died in 1856. It contains thirteen stanzas of which the first one is:

I gaed to spend a week in Fife—
An unco week it proved to be—
For there I met a waesome wife
Lamentin' her viduity.
Her grief brak out sae fierce an' fell,
I thought her heart wad burst the shell;
An'—I was sea left to mysel'—
I sell't her an annuity

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(Continued on Page 31)

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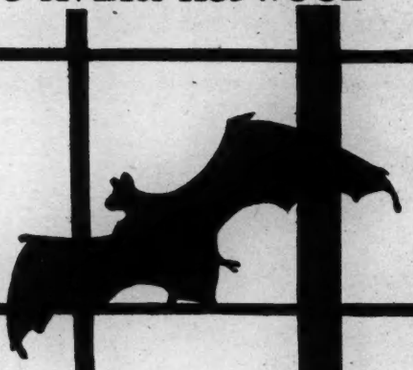

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Queries and Answers

(Continued from Page 29)

The poem "The Annuitant's Answer" was written by Dr. Robert Chambers and was sung in character by his wife at a dinner given by George Outram. It is to be found in "Canterbury Poets, Humorous Poems of the Century," London, Walter Scott. "The Annuity" may be found in Chambers Encyclopedia of English Literature. I would be glad to furnish a copy of the poem should your correspondent be unable to obtain it.

"Pause and Look Back"

MRS. MARGARET O'BRIEN, Highbridge, N. Y.—K. B. W. in your issue of May 2 requests the following poem:

A PLACE IN THY MEMORY.

By Gerald Griffin (1803-1840).

A place in thy memory, Dearest,
Is all that I claim;
To pause and look back when thou hearest
The sound of my name!
Another may woo thee nearer,
Another may win and wear—
I care not though he be dearer;
So I am remembered there!

Remember me not as a lover
Whose hope has been cross't,
Whose bosom can never recover
The light it has lost.
As the young bride remembers the mother
She loves, though she never may see—
As a sister remembers a brother,
Oh! Dearest, remember me!

I'd be thy true lover, Dearest,
Couldst thou smile on me!
I would be the fondest and nearest
That ever loved thee!
But a cloud on my pathway is looming,
That never must burst upon thine;
And Heaven that made thee all blooming,
Ne'er made thee to wither or pine!

Remember me, then; oh! remember
My calm light love!
Though bleak as the blasts of November
My life may prove;
That life will, though lonely, be sweet,
If its brightest enjoyment should be
A smile and kind word when we meet,
And a place in thy memory!

Arthur Rowell, Bridgeport, Conn.; George D. Chesson, Springfield, Mass.; Mrs. K. D. von Bonuhorst, Hollis, N. Y.; M. Cully, New York; Ruth May, New York; Miss Mary Bohan, New Haven, Conn.; James Rearden, Scranton, Pa., and J. F. Fitzgerald, Bradford, Mass., contributed the poem or information as to where to find it. A copy has been sent to our correspondent.

"Ingersoll's Tribute to His Brother"

A. E. STEWART, Charlotte, N. C.—In your issue of May 2 J. M. wants Colonel Ingersoll's tribute to his brother, rendered at his funeral as an oration. Here it is as taken from Vol. XII of the New Dresden Edition of Colonel Robert Ingersoll's Works:

INGERSOLL'S FAMOUS EULOGY.

Below is Robert Ingersoll's eulogy which the late Luther Burbank so greatly admired. It was delivered in Washington, D. C., by Ingersoll in 1879 over the body of his brother. Some of the words seem to be very appropriate in Burbank's case. They follow:

"Dear Friends—I am going to do that which the dead oft promised he would do for me.

"The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the west.

"He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point; but being weary for a moment, he lay down by the wayside, and using his burden for a pillow fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust.

"Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar above a sunken ship. For whether in mid sea or among the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck at last must mark the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy as sad and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death.

"This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock; but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights, and left all superstitions far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of the grander day.

"Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

"The record of a generous life runs like a vine around the memory of our dead, and every sweet, unselfish act is now a perfumed flower."

We regret that we have not the space to print the names of all the contributors who sent in this eulogy and also of those who supplied information as to where it may be found. A copy of it has been forwarded to our correspondent. This tribute was read recently at the grave of Luther Burbank.

"Commonplace Things"

AUGUSTUS H. MILLER, Kingston, N. Y.—I copy from my scrapbook the poem wanted by B. O. B. in your issue of April 25 as follows:

COMMONPLACE.

A commonplace life, we say, and we sigh;
But why should we say as we sigh?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Make up the commonplace day;
The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms, and the bird that sings;
But dark were the world and sad our lot,
If the flowers failed and the sun shone not;
And God who studies each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes His beautiful whole.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Miss Louella D. Everett, Boston, Mass., writes that Susan Coolidge (Sarah Chauncey Woolsey, 1845-1905) is the author of "What Katy Did," a series of books for young people.

M. Elma Krumwiede, Tuckahoe, N. Y.; Emeline C. Smith, New London, Conn.; R. L. Scudder (no address), and J. W. Crates, La Grange, Ky., also answered this appeal. The poem has been sent to our correspondent.

"A Magnificent Highway"

MRS. CHARLES G. FISHER, New York.—Your correspondent, G. G. E., in your issue of May 2 refers to the quotation: "They resemble rather those roads in the Western forests of my native land, which, though broad and pleasant at first, and lying beneath the shadow of great branches, finally dwindle to a squirrel track, and run up a tree." It is from Longfellow's "Hyperion—A Romance," and may be found in Chapter 6 entitled "Glimpses Into Cloudland."

Herman V. Seebach, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes that the quotation is from Emerson's essay on "Experience," but the lines he quotes in his letter, though they contain the words, "ended in a squirrel track and ran up a tree," are not identical to the quotation by Longfellow.

"Van Amburgh"

MISS MARTHA MOREHOUSE, New Haven, Conn.—The poem about Van Amburgh desired by A. C. A. in your issue of May 2 appears as a song entitled "Menagerie," in the "Most Popular College Songs," published by Hinds, Noble & Eldridge, New York. The complete song which this reader contributes is too long to publish, but a copy of it has been sent to A. C. A. It begins: "Van Amburgh is the man who goes to all the shows, he goes into the lions' den, and tells you all he knows," &c.

E. H. Adams, Washington, D. C.; Harriette L. Wier, Stafford, Conn., and Miss Louella D. Everett, Boston, Mass., supplied copies of the song. Everett J. Esselstyn, New York; Edwin Wilcox, Suffern, N. Y.; Dorothy Hector, West Orange, N. J., and Georgia E. Hopper, Peoria, Ill., also sent in information about this query.

"Bring Me My Harp"

I. POWELL, Lucanonih, N. Y.—J. N.'s inquiry in your issue of May 2 refers to "The Old Musician and His Harp," and the stanza he quotes is the chorus. This is a very beautiful song and will be found complete on Page 30 of "Good Old Songs" (Vol. 2), published by Charles Ditson Company, New York.

Mrs. J. Bruce McCarty, New York; Virginia N. Corbett, Fort Collins, Col., and Mrs. Leila D. Thompson contributed copies of the poem, one of which has been forwarded to our correspondent.

Howard Wade Kimsey, New York, writes that the poem was written by Dr. William S. Pitts and was set to music by H. M. Higgins.

"King Henry"

FRANCES COHEN, New York.—In your issue of May 2 J. E. M. wants to find an old poem about King Henry, which, I believe, I have in a collection of poetry. The title is "The King and the Miller of Mansfield," and the author is anonymous. It is some twenty stanzas long, the first one being:

Henry, our royall, King, would ride a hunting
To the grene forest so pleasant and faire,
To see the harts skippling and dainty does trippling!
Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repaire.
Hawke and hound were unbound, all things prepared
For the game, in the same with good regard.

The poem may be found in "Story Telling Poems," by F. J. Olcott, published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

Latest Books

(Continued from Page 28)

claims of Rumania and Hungary to Transylvania, the Banat and the eastern section of the Hungarian Plain.

ESSAYS ON NATIONALISM. By Carlton J. H. Hayes. 8vo. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.

Analysis of nationalism in relation to religion, politics and war.

PROSPECTS FOR WORLD UNITY. By William Stuart Howe. 12mo. Boston, Mass.: The Four Seas Company.

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Economics and Sociology

WOMEN IN ANCIENT INDIA. By Clarisse Bader. 8vo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.

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THE NEGRO IN AMERICAN LIFE. By Willis J. King. 12mo. New York: The Methodist Book Concern. 75 cents.

An elective course for young people on Christian race relationships.

MONEY. By P. A. Lehfeldt. 12mo. New York: Oxford University Press. $1.

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READINGS IN MONEY, CREDIT AND BANKING PRINCIPLES. By Ivan Wright. 8vo. New York: Harper & Bros. $4.

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THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES. By Florence Armstrong Grondal. 8vo. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.

A nature lover's astronomy.

THE PRINCIPLES OF PHYSICAL OPTICS. By Ernst Mach. Translated by John S. Anderson and A. F. A. Young. 8vo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $6.

A historical and philosophical treatment of the science of optics, translated from the German.

THE NAVAL OBSERVATORY. By Gustavus A. Weber. 8vo. Baltimore, Md.: The Johns Hopkins Press. $1.

Its history, activities and organization.

Miscellaneous

THE ART OF BOXING. By Georges Carpentier. 12mo. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

An autobiographical study of boxing as a fine art.

ON THE COLOPHONS AND MARGINALIA OF IRISH SCRIBES. By the Rev. Charles Plummer. Pamphlet. New York: Oxford University Press. $1.

From the proceedings of the British Academy.

EVERYBODY'S GUIDE TO RADIO MUSIC. By Percy A. Scholes. With a foreword by Dr. Alfred N. Goldsmith. 12mo. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.

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YEAR BOOK OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY, 1926. Edited by Robert J. Spence. 12mo. New York: The Pennsylvania Society.

Annual report of the Pennsylvania Society of America.

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL YEAR BOOK. Edited by Herbert Treadwell Wade. 8vo. Twenty-fourth issue. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $6.75.

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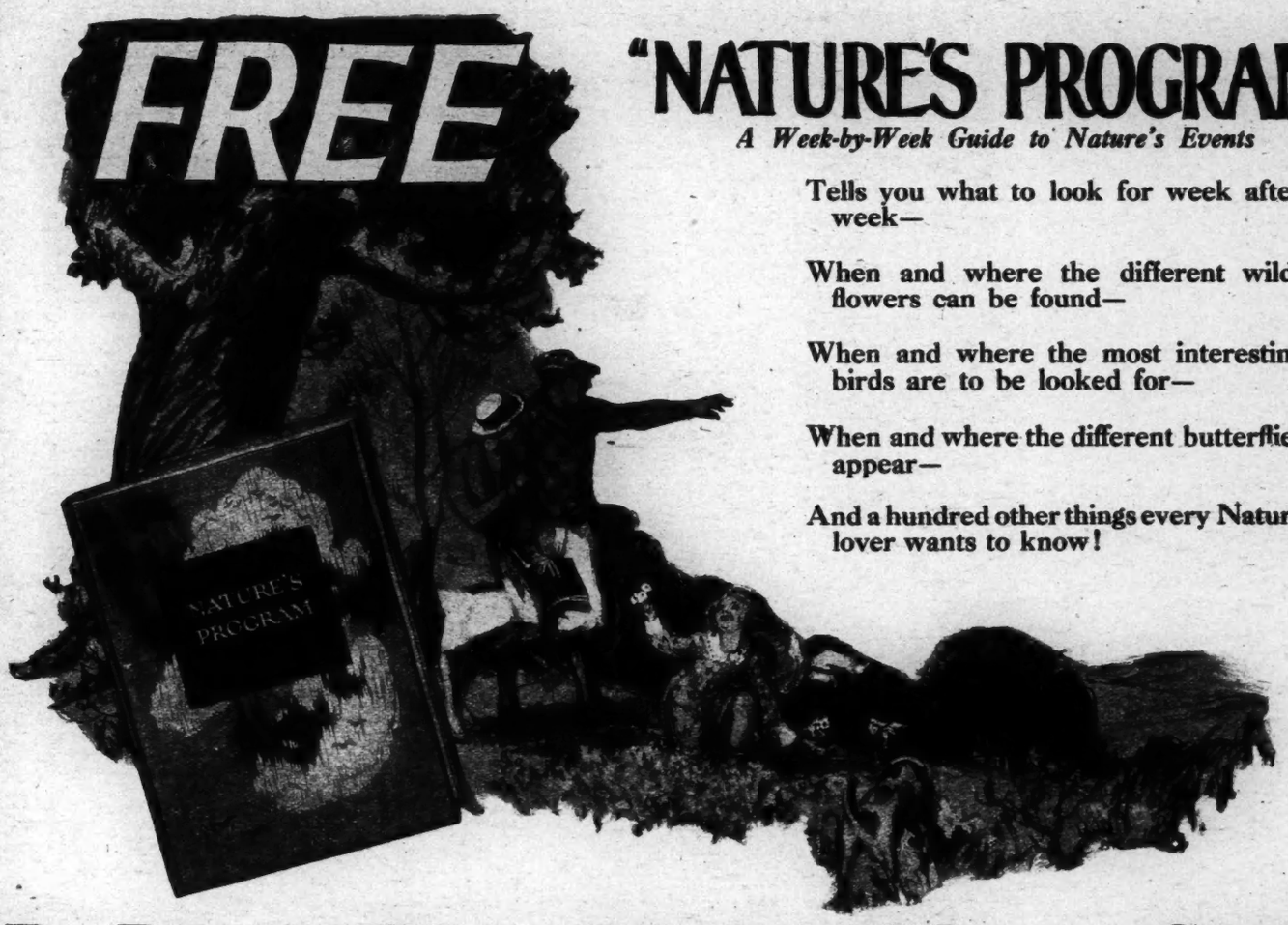

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